[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WANDERING GUERRILLA:

INPANT BRIDE OF

A Mexican Romance of Troublous Times.

BY SYLVANUS COBB. JR

CHAPTER XIV .- [CONTINUED.]



OOKING quickly in the direction indicated, Francisco
saw a body of some
dozen horsemen
coming from the
wood. They were
all clad in the uniform of Don Juan
Calleja's regiment,
and were coming
on with drawn
swords. "Sirrah,
what means this!"

asked the lieuten-

and don't By my would good ace by slaying this one!" But before the lieuteness.

nence by slaying this one!"

Before the licutenant could reply his attention was attracted by the approach of another party of horsemen from the opposite direction.

"More of the villains!" he instinctively said.

"No, no," cried Francisco; "those are men from the mountains! San Jago! they must be riends! Yes—one of them I know—a good man and true. By the hosts, we are safe!"

The horsemen who, bad first, appeared hesis.

The horsemen who had first appeared, hesitated when they saw this new presence, and at length they came to a full stop, and for some moments they conferred together. The party from the mountains was much the more numerous of the two, and were led by a stout, powerful man, whose face was covered with an enormous beard. They came dashing on at a gallop, and at length the opposite party set forward again. Both Francisco and Aldamar, as well as the colonel's second, watched the coming people with deep interest, and without speaking. Both of the parties arrived upon the spot at the same moment. The horsemen who had first appeared, hes

Well and nobly done!" shouted he who led mountain guerrillas, as he reined up his

"Ha! By the holy saints!" uttered France, catching the deep tones of the voice, "yo

Your friend !" quickly and meaningly inted the mountain leader. "Let that suffi

youth understood what was meant ept sileace; but he had discovered the pow man to be none other than Boquilla.

"How now ?" exclaimed the guerrilla, turnE his flashing eyes upon the leader of those
to had come up from the opposite wood.
What means this ?"
"What means what ?" returned the other.

what means what?" returned the other.
Your appearance here at this time."
I might ask you the same question, seno

"By the holy cross, sirrah!" exclaimed Bo

quilla, at the same time drawing his ponderous sword, "you do well to prevaricate with me; but it shall cost you dear, nevertheless. Answer me, or by Saint Peter you shall bite the dust as you come ye here?"

The captain—fore a contract of the property of the captain—fore a contract of the property of

The captain—for a captain's uniform he wore— locked for a moment into the guerrilla's face; lot the qualified before the keen glance he met, and in a stammering mood, he replied:

"We have come to remove the body of Don Jan Calleja."

"And is that all ?"

"I know you lie, coward!" said the guerrilla,
"for I know you came here to take Francisco
Moreno away. But you may go. Take the
body and be off—and be off quickly, too, for I
stance long bear your sight!"
The soldiers dismounted and lifted the fallen
and from the gore-stained turf. His body was

yet warm, but his heart was motionless. The wound he had received was upon the right breast, and the sword that made it had come out under the shoulder. It had nearly stopped bleeding—only bubbling up a little as the body was moved.

"There will be suffering for this," muttered the captain, as he helped to place the body upon the back of one of the horses.

"Come, hasten with your business!" ordered Boquilla. "Work with your hands, and keep your tongue still!"

Ere long the body of Juan Calleja was safely fastened to the saddle, and then the party moved off towards the wood from whence they had come. After they were fairly gone, Boquilla removed the heavy beard from his face, remarking as he did so:

"This is an uncomfortable accompaniment, but a very handy one. Francisco," he continued; leaying from his saddle, and grasping the youther your towns. When he were the provided of the same were to be the same were that I leaped for very joy when I saw you parry Don Juan's first stroke, for I felt then that the victory was your own."

"But," said our hero, after he had kindly thanked his friend for his solicitude, "tell me how you so opportunely came upon the ground, for I know that I owe my life to you."

"If we had not come, you would surely have been taken to the capital, and you can best judge what would have been your fate. But I will explain. I knew last night that this due was to come off. One of my trusty spies hung upon Calleja's track all night—has hung upon him since he returned—and we learned that this duel was not only to come off, but that a parry of the colonel's men were to be on hand to take you prisoner as soon as the duel was ended—for I think Don Juan had a faint presentiment that the princh work has received. or the colonies men were to be on mind to take you prisoner as soon as the duel was ended—for I think Don Juan had a faint presentiment that he might not be victorious. Of course I could allow no such proceeding as that, and so I came

allow no such proceeding as that, and so I came as you see me."

"Boquilla," returned the youth, in a tremulous tone, while he removed his cap and bowed his head, "I only hope that the time may come when I can thank you for this with more than

words."
"I understand," said the guerrilla, with a happy, proud look. "I understand it all. But now let's on to the dwelling of Don Miguel, for by the mass, you must find us breakfast this morning."

PLEBGES.

ISABEL TRUTILLO SALUPOR the broad verandah, and with clasped hands are gazed off towards the vineyard. She was very pale, and her eyes were set and tearless. Sometimes her lips moved, and then her eyes would turn heavenward as though she wards to California. enward, as though she prayed to God for some blessing which lay alone in his power to give. The sun had just arisen above the distant moun-The sun had just arisen above the distant mountains, and the golden beams came danning about the place where she sat; but she noticed them not. They brought no joy to her then. She only gazed upon the narrow path that led down to the vineyard, and held her hands still firmly

above her heart.

At length there came a sound upon her ear. She listened. It was the tread of horses. A little while longer, and she saw a human form through the clustering vines. It was a horseman, and as he came nearer she recognized Boquilla. Behind him appeared another. She gazed wildly—she saw the well known features; and with one low cry of joy she sank back. She would have gazed again, but her eyes were dim, and in a moment more the emotion had checked the current of her outward life. All was dark about her, save one glimmering point where her mind still clung to the face she had seen.

seen.

At length the morning's light came to her again. There was a magic touch upon her pale brow—a magic whisper in her ear. She felt

herself raised up, and round about her stout arms were twining. She opened her eyes, and they met the gaze of Francisco Moreno. "Isabel—my life, my love, I am safe. Look up and be happy."

The maiden saw those features—she heard the

The maiden saw those features—she heard the joyful words, and with a bursting heart she bed her head upon her lover's bosom, and the long pent-up tears flowed in big drops down her flushing check silled!" she at length murmur-

"Not in the least, dearest. The Right has

triumphed!"
"And Don Juan?" whispered Isabel, shud-

dering as she spoke.

"Has fallen!"
Isabel bowed her head with a hushed emotion, and when she raised it again her grandfather stood by her side.

Half an hour later, and the whole party were at the breakfast table, Boquilla taking the head. All the circumstances attending the duel had been explained, and Isabel had regained much of her usual composure. Don Miguel was the only one who seemed really downeast; but even he was happy at times. He felt afraid that the wrath of Iturbide might fall upon him, and it was only upon the most earnest assurances of easy upon the subject. He was joyful that Francisco had escaped; and he was happy to think that Calleja was out of the way—it was only that his timidity was worked upon that

only that his timoury was really killed?" he said, turning to Francisco.

"I think he was," returned the youth.

"By my soul, I would net give much for my life were I in his situation! dddddddddamar, "He had a stream of daylight clean through his

"By no, life were I in his transfife were I in his transfife were I in his transfire with a stream of daylight clean many or "True," said Boquilla; "and yet he might live with even that; but I don't think Mexico much prospect of his recovery. I think Mexico "tim."

Lieutenant; "and "he

"I hope so," responded the lieutenant; "and when all of his kidney go after him we shall be a vast deal better off."

when all of his kidney go after him we shall be a vast deal better off."

After this the conversation took a more general turn, and ever and anon Don Miguel would gaze upon Boquilla with a keen, searching, inquisitive look. He evidently had a great desire to know more of him. Perhaps the thought was with him that the strange guest might after all be a brigand, for at times he would appear nervous and uneasy. He knew that Iturbide had spies busy in all parts of the empire, and there might be even some about him now. At all events he contrived to make himself as nervous and uncomfortable as possible, and his air in part pervaded the company. They could not be entirely free and happy while their aged host was so evidently ill at case. On the whole, the meal wore away dull and beavily, and all felt easier when they arose from the table.

Francisco ascertained that Boquilla would remain some time at the house, and then he drew Isabel away and led her out into the great gar-

main some time at the house, and then he drew Isabel away and led her out into the great gar-den. For a long distance they walked on in utter silence; but at length the youth spoke: "Isabel," he said, "I am thankful for the re-

den. For a long distance they walked on in utter silence; but at length the youth spoke:

"Isabel," he said, "I am thankful for the result of this morning's adventure, but yet I am not wholly happy. There are clouds still about me, and their shadow is upon my path."

"So I feel," murmured the maiden, looking up with tearful eyes. "I cannot tell why, but a strange gloom has settled about me. When I first eaw you returning this morning, and when I first felt your kiss upon my brow, and heard your sweet words, I was frantic with joy. But I am not unhappy. It is only a gloom that pervades the atmosphere about me—a gloom that makes me thoughtful and prayerful."

"Alast my love, it is a season for gloom—not only gloom for you and me, but gloom for our whole country. But there must come sterner times for us all. So many clouds cannot roll up into the heavens and pass away without a storm. The time must come, Isabel, when the land shall again quake beneath the tramp of the war-horse and the sharp clang of arms. I was talking with Boquilla,—he is a wonderful man, and past finding out. I was talking with bim, and he says that the imperial throne is even now toppling. There are heart-fires burning all through the land, and the flames must ere long burst forth. Perhaps this very affair of the morning may have a weight that shall be felt throughout the empire, for Calleja was a man of much importance to the tyrant's power."

At this mention of Calleja the maiden again shuddered. The event lay with a heavy weight upon her heart, and she could not shake it off. Francisco noticed it, and he avoided the name afterwards as much as possible.

"Isabel," at length resumed the youth, after they had reached the extremity of the garden, "I must now speak plainly, and of that which

rests nearest to my heart. In the trials that are to come, I know not what part I may be called upon to act, nor where I may be placed, and before we separate now I would know how stand my life-hopes. You know the love that has existed between us. You know how deep is my love for you, and I think I know how deepis my love for you, and I think I know how deepiy you love in return. Such love as ours must be for a life time. Now what shall be our hopes? What shall be my hopes? Shall I look forward, hoping to see the day when I can call you mine for life?—when you shall be only on and I all to you?—when we shall be one on earth—one in love—one in hope—one in joy and in sorrow, and one in all things of life? Speak, dearest."

Isabel raised her eyes, and though they were filled with tears, yet she looked happy now.

"You know my love," she marmured, "and that my heart has long been yours. I shall never be happy—truly happy—unless I know that your love is mine. I am all your own, and I hope—for I may hope now—that I can be all to you you would ask."

"Bless you, dearest!" fervently ejaculated the youth, straining the lovely girl to his bosom.

"You know has a I thought you would speak, and

"Bless you, dearest!" fervently ejaculated routh, straining the lovely girl to his boo 'You speak as I thought you would speak, appiness is mine. Here, then, let us plour vows. Shall it not be so?"
"With my grandfather's consent."

"With my grandfather's consent."
"Of course. I feel assured that he will consent, if he is governed by his own wishes. But I should not speak to him now, for his mind is all warped by fear. He fears to even lift a finger that might bring upon him the least opposition from the emperor, and in this case, he may be more than the state of the st

ger that might bring upon him the least opposi-tion from the emperor, and in this case he may not speak as he feels. Let us understand each other, and when the time comes we will speak with him. Our hearts are already pledged—let our lips give life to the bond."

They sast down upon a moss-grown seat, and there they pledged their souls to a union for life. It was but the speaking of vows which had long had inward life and being, but they both felt happier now that they were spoken, and the sea-son of pure and rational converse that followed was full of such joy as only young blope can was full of such joy as only young hope can

The hours flew by unheeded, and it was not

afford.

The hours flew by unheeded, and it was not until near noon that the lovers thought of roturning to the house.

"Remember," said Francisco, as they approached the dwelling, "we will remain with only hope to cheer us until the clouds have all passed. When all is settled—when the sun once more shines upon our fair land, then will we remember the vows we have this day taken, and act upon them."

Isabel only pressed the arm she held more closely to her bosom, and the glistening tear that stood in her eye told the ansawer she would have returned. It spoke of the hope she cherished, and of the love she bore. It told all that Francisco could have asked.

Late in the afternoon, Boquilla called our hero one side. The stout man was very sober, and his eyes were moist with emotion.

"Francisco Moreno," he said, "I have ordered my horse, and am about to return to the mountains; but before I go I would say one word to you. It may be a long time ere! shall

mountains; but before I go I would say one word to you. It may be a long time ere I shall word to you. It may be a long time ere I shall ase you again, for I am soon going to another part of the country. You remember what I told you hurriedly this morning. Our country is not comfortable. The clank of chains is heard all over the land, and the iron links are wasning into the social of the papels. Thus was in the could of the papels. heard all over the land, and the iron links are wearing into the souls of the people. They cannot much longer bear it—they will not bear it. Iturbide grows worse and worse every day of his reign, and his course is more wicked. Now upon such men as you much dependence is to be placed. I know your heart is in the right place, and your mind is clear and strong; should the time come for all patriot hearts to bound into action, will you not be among the number !"
"Ay," uttered the noble youth, with one hand upon his heart, and the other raised heavenward. "I only long to be upon the tyrant's track! At the first call of my country I will enlist under the first patriot banner I can find unfurled!"
"That is the spirit; but you will not have to

"That is the spirit; but you will not have to look far to find the opportunity of enlisting. Among the mountains hereabouts are hundreds Among the mountains hereabouts are hundreds of men who would readily flock to such a standard. You, yourself, must raise it. When the hour comes—and you will know well enough when that is, for you will hear the tocsin—you must repair to the mountains, and gather together the bold spirits, who will want a leader. All will know you, and all will gladly join you. How would that suit you?"

"Well—almost too well," returned the youth. "And yet I think I could lead a body of men where my country needed them without fear of danger."

"I know that, Francisco, and hence have I chosen you to the post. Before I leave I shall see that word is sent to every reliable man, and all you will have to do will be just to present yourself at my cabin. You know where that is?"

"Yes, very well."

"And all you will need to do will be to present
yourself there, and you will soon find a bold
body of men to follow you."

"But how long ere such a time can come?"
asked Francisco, who now regarded the strange
guerrilla almost as a fond child would regard a
poble natural.

"Ah, that is more than I can tell," returned Boquilla, with a slight shake of the head. "It may be months yet; and," he added, in a low tone, "it may be years. But, be that as it may, when the time comes you shall know of it. I will see that word is sent to you, and at the same time you will receive directions how to move. All I now wish is to know that you can be depended upon."

"If I am alive, and able to move my hand beneath the weight of a sword, you shall not find me wanting."

"Then remember, and let "God, and our Native Land" be the watchword! Here comes my horse and my men. I may see you again ere long; but whether we ever meet again on earth or not, we will neither of us forget our Boquilla mounted his horse, and his followers frew up behind him. He waved his hand once more to our hero, and then he rode swiftly away "Ah, that is more than I can tell," returned

drew up behind him. He waved his hand once more to our hero, and then he rode swiftly away from the place. Francisco watched him until he was gone from sight, and after that he turned back towards the house. It is no wonder that his thoughts should now be deep and soul-stirring. He did not stop to question the right of the man who had spoken the thoughts to him, for something within gave him ample proof of that. He only thought how he might best prepare himself to act nobly upon them.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FEARFUL STROKE.

A FEARFUL STROKE.

TIME passed on. The summer was gone, and autumn came with its loads of fruit and garners of grain. Don Miguel had heard not a word from the emperor, nor any of his officers, and he had become once more cheerful and happy. Francisco spent much of his time at the house of his old friend, and of course most of that time was senet in label's company.

the house of his old friend, and of course most of that time was spent in Isabel's company. The old man had been informed of the vows the young people had exchanged, and with pleasure dancing in his eyes, had he given his full and free consent.

"Yes, my children," he had said, when he fully understood what was asked, "I give all the power I possess to that end. Be ye one for life, and let your cheerful smiles light up the home of my declining years. I know of nothing it would give me more pleasure to grant—nothing it would give me more pleasure to grant—anothing it would give me more pain to see annulled. Bless you, sweet children! May God bless you as I know ou will bless me?"

Those were the old man's feelings, and why should not the lovers be happy? They were happy.

Those were the old man's feelings, and why should not the lovers be happy? They were happy. Francisco had as yet heard nothing from Boquilla since the day of the duel. The youth had been among the mountains, and he had inquired for him many times, but he could learn nothing of him; none had seen him, and none knew whither he had gone. The youthful hero knew that trouble was brewing, but he could find out nothing definite. At times, he feared that Boquilla was, after all, but an impostor; but such feelings were only temporary. When he remembered the man, and called to mind the noble traits of his character, he banished all such thoughts; and then he sometimes feared that he was himself forgotten—that Boquilla had found some more worthy man to lead the mountain patriots. But there were times, too, when Francisco waited patiently for the coming of the summons he hoped to receive.

So passed away the rainy season, and the calm, cooling, genial weather of a Mexican winter came to take its place. One pleasant afternoon, Isabel Truxillo sat upon the broad verandah, in front of the house, engaged in reading one of the meagre news-prints of the day. She was alone, for her lover had left the day before, and would not return for a week. The air was just cool enough to be bracing and

reading one of the meagre news-prints of the day. She was alone, for her lover had left the day before, and would not return for a week. The air was just cool enough to be bracing and comfortable, and she was enjoying her thoughts in calm tranquilility. The paper which she had was one that had been brought by the post-courier the day before, and she was now seeking for the news. She had read considerable that had but little interest for her, when she at length came upon a paragraph that fastened her attention. It was concerning a rising of rebels in the southeast. One General Santana had arisen, and at the head of a numerous body of men he was threatening to do much mischief. The thought came at once to her mind that her lover might now be called upon to leave her. While she was pondering upon this, her grandfather came out, and she showed him the paragraph in question.

"Suppose Francisco should be called now,"

she said, as soon as she saw that her grandstre had finished reading.
"I do not hardly think he will," returned the old man, whose judgment was good when left perfectly free and unterrified, "I know this Santans," he resumed, "and I do not think he can lead a successful rebellion. He is himself a man of inordinate ambition, and the people will place no confidence in him. He was one of the chief instruments in placing Iturbide in power, but it seems he has turned against him now. The emperor has done something to exasperate him."

him."
"Then you think that this will amount to nothing!" said Isabel, hopefully.
"I do not think it will while Santana is at the head of it," answered the old man; "but they may raise the standard, and then find a better leader."

While they were thus conversing, Isabel no-ticed a horseman coming up towards the house from the Perote road. She pointed it out to her grandfather, and he, too, saw the same. It soon appeared that there were other horsemen, and as they came nearer they counted seven in all. He who rode in advance was evidently a tall man, and habited in the garb of an imperial officer. Don Miguel turned pale when he saw this, and Isabel was seized with a vague, but terrible fear.

ible fear.
Who do you think it can be?" tremblingly

whispered the maiden.
"I don't know," returned the old man, trem
bling from head to foot. "But God grant that it no enemy!"
'But why should an enemy come?" Isabel

sked.
"I know not, unless there is some vengeance, be visited upon us for the death of Calleja."
Isabel shuddered at the sound of that name, and before she could speak again, Don Miguel optimed:

continued:

"O, I wish he had not been killed, for I knew that trouble would come out of it?"

The old man's fears were all returned to him, and he gave himself up to the first that presented itself. He did not stop to think, but only impred upon the first conclusion that his fears excited. He almost fell a halter about his neck, we always publics at least through his body.

, ne uttered:
Heaven save me! Don Juan Calleja!"
Yes, Don Miguel, it is your old friend Juan

"Yes, Don Bague, as a year Calleja; but how altered! His face was all pale and wan; his cheeks sunken; his lips crackled, and parched, and blue; his eyes cold and glassy, and his form weak, bent, and tremloss. Yet there was a spark in his eye as he spoke, and upon his cheek came a slight tinge of blood.

"Did you think me dead?" he continued, after waiting a few moments to notice the effect of bla comjune.

"Did you think me dead" in continues, as it re waiting a few moments to notice the effect of his coming.
"I did," returned Don Miguel; "but I am glad it is not so. I have suffered much from the thought."

There was a slight curl of scorn about the colonel's lips as he heard this, for he felt pretty well assured that the old man had suffered more through fear than from any love for himself. But he did not speak his thoughts.
"Well," he said, taking a seat near Isabel, but looking towards Don Miguel, "I am alive, though I owe no thanks for it to the young rascal who fought with me. He did his work well, and it has only been through the aid of the most skilful physicians that I have recovered. Ah, I was deceived in young Moreno. He was a great swordsman. But we may meet again; and when we do, his fate shall not be a very light or desirable one!"

we do, its late stant into be a very tigm or desirable one?"

As Calleja thus spoke, he turned towards fabel. She instinctively drew back and shuddered when she found his snake like eyes fastened upon her. She would have given much to be away—even upon the wild, bleak mountain top, but she dared not move now.

"Pair senorita," the colonel commenced, with a cold, dark smile upon his features, "how feel you upon my unexpected appearance?"

But the roots rid could not assesser. She

cold, data control out upon my unexpected appearance?"

But the poor girl could not answer. She rembled more violently, and her heart was torn

trembled more violently, and her heart was torn by the most terrible fears.
"What!" exclaimed Don Juan, "can you not speak to me?"
"Alas! senor, I know not what to say!" murmured Isabel.
"Can you not say that you are glad to see

The maiden looked up into Calleja's face. Could she answer yes to such a question? She knew she could not.

"Come," continued the colonel, "let me know how I am received."

"I cannot tell that until I know wherefore you have come," at length murmured the poor girl, striving with all her power to appear calm.

"Why, surely, Isabel, you have no question upon that point. By the saints of the holy calendar, I should think you would know why I am here! But yet I can tell you—I have come to get my wife!"

get my wife!"

Even the old man clasped his hands in speechs agony now, but Don Juan did not see him—

was too busy in witnessing the effects of his

declaration upon Isabel. She uttered a low cry as she heard his words, and covering her face with her hands she sobbed with an aching, bleed-

eart. t seems to take you by surprise, my print the colonel said, laying one hand upon

one," the colonel said, laying one hand upon her arm.

Instinctively she shrank away from his touch, and with a flashing eye, she said:

"Do not touch me, senor! I cannot bear the weight of your hand. You may talk—tell me of your purpose—tell of your wishes—of you determinations; but do not touch me!"

"Aha I—you are well posted up!" uttered calleja, with a deadly look upon his features.

"There has been another hand at work here. But," he added, lowering his voice, and speaking in a hissing tone, "you must beware! I love to see a woman of pride and independence, but I do not like I will not have! Look out that you do not make up for yourself a bed which will be most painful to lie upon, for by the holy Saint Paul, I'll make such misery for you that you shou lenvy the very starving dogs in the street! Beware!"

I sabel had felt her pride aroused when she spoke before, but it was only crushed now. There was something so terrible, so dreadful, so demon-like in the tone and look of the man who spoke to her, that she shrank as she would have shrank from offending the wild tiger. She felt

demon-like in the tone and look of the man who spoke to her, that she shrank as she would have shrank from offending the wild tiger. She felt sure that he did not speak idly.

"Alas!" she said, when she next gained the power to speak, "why should you force me to this? How can you wish for a wife who cannot

we you?"
"I'll tell you," returned Juan Calleja, with a rangely burning eye, and a darkling, lurking nile. "I'd have it, because it is mine! We are to fond of losing that which belongs to us."
"Bat how will you find happiness without

not fond of losing that which belongs to its."

"But how will you find happiness without love?"

"I'll have love! If my wife cannot, or will not love me, she shall at least obey me, and I will seek for love elsewhere. Love is easily found, my fair senorita!"

Again Isabel shuddered, and after gazing for a moment into the face of the man who tortured her, she bowed her head and sobbed aloud. Don Juan had struck chillingly to his heart, and the misery of his fair grandchild cut him deeply. He gazed apon the suffering girl, and he remembered how much of his own joy she had given to him,—he remembered her smiles and her laughter, her merry song, and her cheerful note of greeting, and for a moment he experienced a gathering of resistance in his soul.

"Don Juan," he said, "this thing must not be. It will kill my poor child, and her blood will be upon my head if I permit it."

"Ah!" uttered Calleja, elevating his eyebrows, and opening his eyes, while a sarca-tie smile gathered around his lips. "I was not aware that you had anything at all to do with the matter. Pray, sone, will you be so kind as to inform me wherein lies your power, either fiselet or hindrance."

"It lies in the fact that she is the only child.
"It lies in the fact that she is the only child."

"It lies in the fact that she is the only child of my own son, and that to me she was given to

of my own son, and that to me she was given to protect."

"Ay—to protect, but not to keep. There is a relation stronger than yours, the ties of which even outweigh the bond that unites the parent and child. *Lam ker husband!"

"Not yet!" gasped Don Miguel, looking up with a tremulous expression of countenance, as though he were struggling hard to maintain the part he had undertaken. "You cannot say that you are now her husband, and all the powers of earth cannot gainsay it!" returned the colonel, turning a flashing eye upon the aged speaker. "It may require a further exercmony if I choose, but even without such she is legally and truly mine. Would you deny it?"

"No—no," stammered the old man. "I would not deny it, but I would be gof you to be her remain with me."

would not deny it, but I would beg of you to let her remain with me."

"Ay," cried Calleja, with the most marked bitterness and sarcesm, "you would have her stay that she might become the wife of another!

—become the wife of the man who would have killed me! By the hopes of my eternal soul, ere I would see that both she and myself should sink into the lowest pit of eternal fire! What! see her given to Francisco Moreno? Ask me to give you my eyes, my hands, my heart—my, my very soul, ere you ask me that?"

Don Miguel Truxillo had said his say. He

could offer no more resistance; he shrank from before the terrible man as the child shrinks from

the mind-made ghost in the dark.

"But come," added the colonel, after he found that Truxillo would make no further reply, "let us retire to the house and forget all that is unpleasant about this affair. I hope it is understood now what my business is, and that I am not to be turned from my purpose. Let matters move along smoothly, and when I reach the capital, the marriage ceremony shall be performed in the emperor's own presence. Come, let us in now, for I am weary."

Don Mignel led the way into the house, and Calleja offered his arm to Isabel as he turned to follow. She hesitated an instant, but her better judgment bade her not do more now to cause further rupture, and she took the proffered arm, but she shuddered when she did so.

After they were seated within the large drawing-room, Don Miguel rang for the servant who waited upon such occasions, and wine and refreshments were soon brought. Calleja drank deeply, and the portion seemed to revive him.

"How long will you remain with us?" asked Truxillo, as he sat down his glass.

"Only till to morrow," returned Calleja.

"What!—return so soon?"

"I must, for my presence is needed. There is likely to be disturbance in some of the distant districts, and though I am not yet hardly able to bear arms, yet my counsels must be forthcoming. It will be easily quelled, though—only a few rebels have arisen." the mind-made ghost in the dark.
"But come," added the colonel, after he found

bear arms, yet my counsels must be forthcoming
It will be easily quelled, though—only a few re

"But you will not take Isabel with you so

"Of course. It is for

Isabel heard, and her be.
Then hope was all gone! chair, and with one might; wild emotions; but it was freezing night.

DON JUAN CALLEJA had lained of his weakness, and used; but before he went he should all fall to Isabel. subject boldly and unblush

Don Miguel a solemn pledge should all fall to Isabel. He studied sholdly and unblushingly as intimated that by such a course and a course of the course of t

forever fixed! If I fee from here, it will not be leaving my poor old grandfather, for I must be torn from him at any rate. Be still, O my heart, and leave me calm to think! Among the mountains I may find safety. O, among the mountains I shall be safe, for some there will know Francisco, and they will lead me to be the safe.

will know Francisco, and they will lead me to him!"

The subject had come suddenly upon her—for the idea of fleeing from the place had never before occurred to her,—but now that it had come, it came with a power that was not to be resisted. And then the last thought—the hope of meeting some one who would conduct her to Francisco—was a vast weight in favor of the plan. She knew that her lover was well known among he mountains, and that all those who dwelt and wandered there were enemies of Calleja and the emperor.

wanderen there were tenmes or Canaga and the emperor.

For some time the maiden paced to and fro across the floor of her room, and ever and anon she would stop and gaze down as though some heavier consideration had presented itself. At length she stopped and sat down, and when she did so, her mind was made up. She opened a small inhaid escritoire, and having drawn forth pen, ink, and paper, she wrote a note which she addressed to both her grandfather and Calleja. She simply wrote that she had fled, and why she did so; and when it was finished she folded and directed it to them both, and laff it where it would be seen when any one should enter the room. She did this that her grandfather might not be suspected of conniving at her escape.

After this, Isabel knelt down and bowed her head in prayer; and when she had prayed, she arose and prepared the dress she would wear. Of course she selected a dark one, for that would be less easily discovered at night. Having picked out the one she would wear, she proceeded at once to put it on. She did not forget that money would be a very handy thing in case of med, and she took as much gold as she felt safe to carry. Upon her head she placed a close fitting, dark-brown, coral-like hood, and proper the the stoutest pair of shoes she had. After she was thus prepared, she sat down and reflected once more upon the course she was planning to pursue; but she did not falter in her purpose. If there chanced to come a thought in opposition, the very face of Don Juan was enough to drive that thought away. No—he mountains were her destination, for she knew how honorable even a brigand could be to he more of Calleja—of the words he had delenced and the she had how we are also the she had been seed and the color as he had been and advente med of the she was the had been and and the color as he had been seed and the color had been and a defenced been and suffering maiden. She thought once more of Calleja—of the words he had

the mountains were her destination, for she knew how honorable even a brigand could be to a defenceless and suffering maiden. She thought once more of Calleja—of the words he had spoken, and of the character he had shown, and her mind was made up as firm as the very mountain to which she was about to turn.

The large clock in the lower hall struck the hour of midnight. Isabel went to her door and listened. Then she opened it, and passed out into the corridor, and there she listened again; but she heard no sound, save the deep breathing of her own maid who slept in the adjoining room, and whose door was partly open. As soon as she was assured that there was no one stirring in the house, save herself, she returned to her room and extinguished the light. Then she went hack into the corridor, and with a slow, noiseless step, she descended the stairs. In the hall she hesitated a moment, and then moved on towards the back part of the house. She passed through the kitchen, out into the water-roomfrom there to the wood-house, unlocking all the doors with the keys, which were either in the locks or hanging by the side of the door. One more step, and she was in the open air, and here she stopped beneath the deep shade of the building to look about her.

There was no moon, nor would there be one until near morning, but the sky was cloudless, and the stars shone most brilliandly. The air

was somewhat cool, but by no means was it uncomfortable.

Isabel did not stop long to consider or reflect, but as soon as she felt sure that there was no one near to observe her, she moved along under the shade of the building until she reached the corner, and then moving across into the horse-path, she gilded away among the trees. Once she turned; but she felt sure that she was not followed. When she had reached some little distance, she thought she heard the hum of voices in the direction of the stable; but she did not stop to listen—she only burried on the faster. At length she reached the point where the path separated, and for a moment she hesitated to consider which way she should take. There were three ways from the place where she now stood—one of which was the wide road to Perote, and of course that one she had nothing to do with. The next one, to the left, led directly o the mountains; but it was a hard, rough shath. The last, and the one to the extreme left, so led to the mountains; but it ran some disince around, striking the road to Guanaxuato fore it turned up to its higher point.

After a while, Isabel resolved to take the midpath. It was the most difficult, she knew, it was the safest, and would the soonest lead whither she wished to go. She set forward, had taken some dozen steps, when she heard a footfall near her. For a moment she was nearly paralyzed with fear, but on the next she gathered all her strength and bounded forward. It was starlight overhead, to be sure, but there among the stunced trees and shrubbery it was very dark. Isabel turned her head, but she could see no one, though she knew that she was followed, for she heard the coming footsteps. The path was rough and uneven, with stones and unearthed roots in the way, and the poor girl knew that she could not make her way any faster, for several times already had she stumbed. Yet she moved on with all the speed she dared to exercise.

faster, for several times already had she stumbled. Yet she moved on with all the speed she dared to exercise.

After travelling some seventy-five or eighty rods, she came to a place where the path led down a gentle slope into a sort of basin. She knew the place well, for she had often been there. When she reached the bottom of the basin, she thought to look back, and as she did so, she saw, revaeled against the starry sky, the form of a man. With a quick prayer and a leaping heart she started on up the opposite rise. There was no chance for her to hide, for the way was flanked by deep tangled wildwood, full of briers and thorns. If she could only reach a few rods further, she could leave the path. She did not think that her pursure would have the same opportunity to see her when she reached the top of the rise that she had a few moments before to see him, or she would certainly have contrived some means of working her way in among the wildwood. But it was too late now. She had nearly gained the summit of the opposite slope, when she heard a quick cry behind her, accompanied by the sound of leaping feet. She made one more effort, but it was her last, for on the next moments, a heavy hand applaced upon her shoulder.

"Hat senorities, I've caught you at last. Let me see your face!"
Instinctively the poor girl struggled, but it was of no avail. In doing so she exposed her face, and as soon as the man saw it, he immediately exclaimed:

nstinctively the poor girl struggled, or of no avail. In doing so she exposed , and as soon as the man saw it, he imn

ately exclaimed:
"I thought so-the senorita Truxillo. on my faith, lady, you take a strange time

upon my fatin, lady, you take a strange time to ramble in such a place as this!"

"For the love of Heaven, senor, do not trifle with me!" uttered Isabel, gazing hard into the man's face, and recognizing him as one who had accompanied Calleja.

"A sister ?"

"A sister?"

"Yes—two of them."

"O, then listen to me. Suppose it was your own sister who was thus flecing from a horrible fate. Suppose her heart was all broken and bleeding—that a fate worse than death hung over her—and it laid in your power to avert it.

O, would you not do it?"

"That would depend upon circumstances," replied the man, still holding Isabel by the arm. 'I am a soldier, and my first duty is to my commander. He has ordered me to convey you to the house from _whence you have come. His word is law."

"But it is on, muman law. There is a law of God, of Heaven—a law in your own heart; O, obey it, and let mg co."

"You mistake me, senorita. I know nothing about any laws but such as my commander makes. If there are any others he knows more about them than I do, and you had better talk to him about them. So come along. Don't resist, now, for I don't want to hurt you."

The poor girl saw at once that there could be no impression made upon the soldier's heart, and with a deep groan she gave herself up to her fate, and shortly afterwards she was on her way back to the house. They met other soldiers at the forks of the road, and when they reached the house they found both Don Juan and Truxillo upon the verandah.

"Ah, my pretty one," uttered Calleja, with a bitter laugh, as the rays of a lantern short-in-

The maid spoke not, for she saw that the sor, row was too deep to be reached; so she knelt and kissed the hand of her unfortunate mistress, and then, with her eyes streaming with sympathizing tears, she left the room.

Isabel looked up, and she was alone. Then she clasped her hands and sank down by her bedside, and her prayer was wild and incoherent, for the shaft had shattered her heart. CHAPTER XVIII. THE COURIER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COURIER.

It was a week after the events had transpired which were related in the last chapter, and the day, which was drawing towards its closes, had been one of unusual splendor. The sun had not yet reached the tops of the tall trees in the west, when Francisco Moreno rode up into the yard of Truxillo's dwelling and dismounted from his horse. He allowed his beast to take its accustomed way towards the stable alone, and then he turned towards the piazza. He expected to have seen some friendly face there—some one to greet him—but he did not. The circumstance was strange, for he had left word when he last went away, that he should be back at this time. Surely some one should have remembered it—and if they remembered it, why were they not there to watch for him. This made him uneasy, but why he could not tell.

The youth advanced to the hall, and yet he saw no one—he entered the large drawing room, but the place was vacant of life. He hesitated a moment, and then he turned his steps towards. Don Miguel's library. It was on the second floor, and as he ascended the carpeted stairs each step seemed to give back a hollow, mournful sound which struck heavily upon his soul. Once he stopped, for his heart beat so strangely that it made him weak. There was something about the very atmosphere of the place that seemed like the low voice of the grave. He heard no bustle, no voices, but all was hushed and still. He gazed about to look for some one of whom he could ask the cause of all this, but no one appeared.

Francisco moved on. Slowly and almost none appeared.

Francisco moved on. Slowly and almost here alone. He was pale and wan, and upon his furrowed checks there were traces of tears. The youth sat down—he spoke a word of greeting, but the old man did not answer him. Then the trembling visitor spoke again:

"Don Miguel, what has happened?" He asked the question in a hoarse whisper.

"Allas!" grouned Truxillo, "I am all alone!"

"Alone" ecched Francisco, in a hollow voice. "Tell me of it."

The old m

"Alss!" groaned Truxillo, "I am all alone!"
"Alone!" echoed Francisco, in a hollow voice. "Tell me of it."

The old man looked up, and after much effort to told of the coming of Juan Calleja—of his purpose, and of his words—of Isabel's escape, and of her capture.
"O," he concluded. "I knew not then how terrible a blow it would be. Calleja tore her away, and all weeping and moaning she went. I begged and prayed, but to no effect. He had no ears to hear, and no heart to feel. He took her from me, and now she is in his hands forever!"
The youth bowed forward till his brow rested upon his hands, and thus he remained for several moments. When he looked up again his face was all wet with tears, but they had ceased to flow from his eyes.
"Don Miguel," he said, speaking in a tone of

eral moments. When he looked up again his face was all wet with tears, but they had ceased to flow from his eyes.

"Don Miguel," he said, speaking in a tone of strange, unnatural calmness, "I was not prepared for this—I had hoped—I—I had thought." His voice was chocked, and as he stopped speaking the tears burst forth afresh from his eyes. He could not be calm—it was of no use—for his feelings were not to be controlled.

"Don Miguel," he continued, starting up from his chair, and clasping his hands, "I will follow that villain to the ends of the earth, if follow that villain to the ends of the earth, if thence he takes his course, for by the Eternal throne of Him who sits on high, I will not rest until I have rescend Isabel if it lies within my power so to do. I can live while she may be saved, but when she is irrecoverably lost, then I may die. O, Truxillo, this is very hard to bear; but you have wept, and you will not think my tears bespeak undue weakness. I cannot help weeping."

"Alas, my son, I have wept tears enough to save a repentant nation. None can ever know, was my God and myself lose heads with the box.

weeping."

"Alas, my son, I have wept tears enough to save a repentant nation. None can ever know, save my God and myself, how heavily this blow has fallen upon me. Isabel was the very light of my life, the joy of my home, the smile of my bloard, the angel of blessing to my soul, and the staff of my declining years. She was part of me, a portion of my inner life, and now that she is gone the lamp of life has gone out with her. I may never recover from the terrible stroke—I am even now upon the verge of the grave. But you, my dear boy, are yet young—you may outgrow the pang."

"O, say not so, my father," returned the youth. "I know I am young, but such a blow shatters the heart so that it cannot be healed. Nothing but Isabel's return to our embrace can make me smile ever again."

"Alas, Francisco, be not too sanguine in the hope you would picture. I have grown calmer now, for I have had time for reflection. Think not that you can wrest our sweet jewel from Calleja's grasp. He holds her with too powerful a hand. By this time he is in the city of Mexico, and perhaps the marriage ceremony has been per—"

Mexico, and perhaps the marriage ceremon;

been per-"
"-sh! For the love of heaven, speak no so," interrupted the youth, classing his land sinking down once more into his "Do not picture the thing worse than it me I will at once to the capital, and I know the some means I can gain admission to

"And what then?" asked Truxillo.
"What then?" repeated the youth, with urning eye. "Ask me not," he added with

strange shake of the head. "I will see him, and He stopped. Perhaps his mind was not made

pop further.

Don Migael now arose from his chair and crossed over to where Francisco sat. He placed his hand upon the young man's head, and with his eyes turned toward heaven, and his cheeks wet with falling tears, he murmared:

"O, thou God of all things, be with us now. Hold us up in this our bitter trial, and be with her in her sufferings. Listen to us, and smile upon us. O, let the right be done, and let the wrong perish."

her in see on the right be done, and tes me upon us. O, tet the right be done, and tes me wrong perish."

As he ceased speaking he bowed his head and wept more profusely, and for a long while no other words were spoken. They both suffered keenly, and they both seemed to be mentally praying. At length Don Miguel turned towards

door.

Let us walk," he said. "Let us seek the l, fresh air. I would be calm if I could, for annot overcome the fate that lowers upon me.

come to vercome the fate that lowers upon me. Come, Francisco."

The young man arose and followed his host from the room, and when they reached the piazza the sun had disappeared behind the tree tops. Don Miguel seemed to be upon the point of speaking, when the attention of both was directed towards the road.

"Hark!" uttered Francisco, whose car was the quickest. "That is the tramp of a horse. Are any of your people out!"

"No, not that I know of?"

In a few moments more a horseman could be seen coming on at a swift gallop, and both the old man and the youth gazed upon him in silence until he was near enough to make out his dress. "It is not the regular courier," said Truxillo. "Nor is it a soldier," added Francisco. "God grant that it be no further evil upon us," the old man ejaculated, fervently.

"There can be nothing worse than has already come," returned the youth.

Before they could speak further the rider had dismounted, and was approaching the place where they stood. He was a middle-aged man, with a frank, open countenance, and habited in the garb of a common hunter. He bowed low as he came upon the piazza, and after looking from one to the other of our friends a moment, he said:
"I seek a young man named Francisco."

said:
"I seek a young man named Francisco

Mereno."

"I am the individual," answered our hero, fegarding the stranger with an inquiring glance.

"Then I have a letter for you;" and as he spoke he drew forth the missive and handed it to

Francisco tore open the letter and read as

Francisco Mourno:—The time has a similar to the have often spoken. The first of the hade distent at once to the mountain and the similar to the when you receive as the similar to the when you receive as the similar to the similar t where you will find
a all necessary instruca all necessary instrucor all depends now upon
... Ere our designs are fully discovered, or our movements made known, we must
have an effective force regularly organized.
"I have heard of the fate of Isabel Truxillo.
Delay not on her account, for I will do all I can
for you to weak the from the villain's nower, and

Delay not on her account, for I will do all I can for you to wrest her from the villain's power, and I can do much more than you can do. At once to the mountains—raise the standard of the Patriot Guerrilla—gather your barve men, and then hasten to the South.

"For God and our country, BOQUILLA."

"For God and our country, Bogetila."

After Francisco had read this through the second time, he turned towards the man who brought it, and to him he said:

"I shall obey these instructions at once. Do you know where Boquilla is?"

"Boquilla?" repeated the courier, raising his eythows in surprise.

"Ay, the man who sent me this letter."

"I know of no such man. I have heard of some wandering guerrilla by that name, but I know him not."

"Then who gave you this letter?"

"Then who gave you this letter?"
"It was one Bernardo, a captain in the Patriot

"Ab, yes, Bernardo. I know him," murmur ed the youth to himself. "But do you know the contents of this letter?"

"No, only that they are of importance, for I "No, only that they are of importance, for I was so told when I took the errand."
"So they are important, and you may tell Bernardo that I shall hasten to obey them. Now come in and have some refreshment and rss, for of course you will not depart until Bornine".

I must start on my return immediately, for ave a long distance to travel ere the next I have a long distance to travel ere the next rising of the sun. But you can grant me a great favor, nevertheless."

"Name it."
"My horse has been upon the road for the last six and-thirty hours almost at the top of his speed, and I fear he will not hold out to carry me hack as I could wish. If you could exchange horses with me it would henefit me much, and the Patriot cause more. Mine is a noble beast."

beat."

Don Miguel at once offered to make the ex-change, and while the groom was making the necessary preparations the courier went in and portook of such refreshments as were at hand. In less than half an hour afterwards he was mounted upon a fresh, strong horse, and with a politic adies he set off upon his journey back.

Now I must be off, sad Francisco, after the courier had taken his departure.

"Not to night, my son," returned Don Miguel, extractly."

aws, I must be among the mountains and my corniers out before morning."

And then I shall be indeed left all alone!"

Id man uttered, with much feeling. But you must remember the cause," quickly led the youth, at the same time laying his lapon his old friend's arm. "It is a most

sacred duty I go to perform—a duty I owe to myself, my country, and my God. You will not

sacred duty I go to perform—a duty I owe to myself, my country, and my God. You will not repine."

"Of course you must go, and, perhaps, if you succeed—if you overcome the tyrant emperor—you may—bring back—"
"I sabel, you mean," said the youth.
"Yes, yes," the old man added, while fresh tears started to his eyes.
"I hope I shall be able to do that," resumed Francisco. "I know not how you feel, but for my part I place great confidence in the words of Boquilla, so much so, at least, that I shall go about my other duty, fully believing that he will do more for Isabel than I could possibly do."
"God grant that he may," was the old man's fervent ejaculation.
In an hour afterwards our hero was on his way to the mountains, and he was armed, too, in a way well befitting a guerrilla leader—not alone with arms to overcome the lives of the enemy, but with those necessary to the solidity of his own command. Don Miguel had given him near five thousand dollars with which to pay his way with his troops if necessary.

Br midnight the vonth reached the cot where

own command. Don anguet man given minear five thousand dollars with which to pay his way with his troops if necessary.

By midnight the youth reached the cot where Boquilla had resided, and there he found Tepec, and several others of the mountain rangers. He told them of the letter he had received from Boquilla, and that he was ready to set out as soon as the men could be got together. "And," he added, "you may inform the men that they shall be sure of ample pay, for if it is no told the shall be sure of ample pay, for if it is no told may own pocket."

Messengers at once set out to different parts of the mountains, and by the hour of sunrise two hundred stout men, all well-mounted and armed, were ready to set out. Francisco received them with a proud eye, and when all was ready he placed himself at their head and commenced to lead the way down the mountain.

lead the way down the mountain

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] IN MEMORIAM.

BY JAMES LOMBARD.

She sleeps that quiet sleep,
For which earth's weary ones are vainly sight
While flowers, like angels, keep
Mute vigils round the spot where she is lying,
And leaves that quiver in the trees o'erhead,
Wave low, sad dirges for the tranquil dead.

The grave in silence holds in that moved so lately in our p While memory still enfolds
That love which ever made ker life a please
O, not the shroud, the coffin, and the pail
Can clasp affection in their gloomy thrall.

Serenely o'er her fell
The mantle of the missioned one of heaven,
As dies the vesper bell
In low, sweet echoes on the air of even;
No anguished impress marred the voiceless cla
As sped the spirit to the realm of day.

How delicate and deep
The fount of feeling in that centle spirit;
So ready age to weep
With those who pain and sorrow here inh
Or joy with those who feel the thrilling ki
That wakes the soul to purest earthly blis

Her outer life was comprehended duly
And fewer still could read
The finer feelings of her nature truly;
But they who held a place in her estee
Found friendship full, a clear unfailing

Sold is the world to view,
Since to the grave, in sorrow, they consigned her—
The worshipped of the few,
Fond, to high earst that all too deeply shrined herWho built the alter of their human trust
on what could fade, and found their idol dust:

We leave her to her rest—
The poor, tired body, to its mother's keeping;
He spirit with the bles.
Whose courts are saddened with no voice of weeping.
Peace to the deal. Eternity is fraught
With glories which transcend our highest thought!
[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

NANCY.

Just within the leafy porch of a charmittle copse, betraying itself by the narrow part streaked the turf and wound around throu Just within the leafy porch of a charming title copse, betraying itself by the narrow path has streaked the turf and wound around through he shrubbery, nestled the snug cottage of Mrs. Miller. It was a spot capable of challenging he traveller's envy. I shall enter no further upon a description of it than to say, that on overy side it was hedged in with luxuinant foligge; that a clear brook swam along within ight of the humble door; and that wild vines, ogether with gray and golden mosses, abundanty thatched its low and unpretending roof.

It, was about the twilight of a sweet and treamy evening in summer, that two persons sat

ly thatched its low and unpretending roof.

It, was about the twilight of a sweet and dreamy evening in summer, that two persons sat talking together in low voices on a fallen trectrunk within the edge of the shadows. The air was soft, and all the evening sounds were in harmony. The young moon, still in her crescent horn, sailed like a silvery boat through the heavens, searcely glinting among the leaves, and the delicate spray, yet attracting magnetically the eyes of the two lovers.

"I must return to town to morrow morning!"

That was just what the young man had come at that particular hour to communicate.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed the tender thing at this side. "Not so soon, Henry!"

"It is imperative, Nancy. I have come this evening only to bid you farewell. I would stay, if I could; but that is impossible. Nancy, I shall see you again, you know."

"Again "I was an undisguised tone of as tonishment, as well as of fear.

"Yes, I hope very soon," said he. "Be patient here a little while without me, in this quiet spot. I shall feel but all the happier, in knowing that you are safe. Harm cannot reach you here."

She anddenly let go his hand, and pressed.

She suddenly let go his hand, and pre on with its open palm to her eyes. In an-moment, the glittering tears were falling ugh her fingers

"Why, what now, Nancy? What is the mat-

She sobbed audibly.

"Tell me what it is," he insisted.

Like the trusting girl that she was, she laid her head submissively on his shoulder, and an swered in broken words:

"You are going to leave!"

"Yes, but it is necessary. Business calls me home. I shall soon see you again."

"How can I tell that? What may happen to you, I do not know. Perhaps I shall necer see you again!"—and the thought provoked fresh tears.

"You suspect me of—no, no, Nancy! I never thought you would do that!"

"Why may I not go with you, Henry?" she asked, appearing not to heed his broken remarks.

"Go with me!" he seemed really astonished at the proposal.

asked, appearing not to heed his broken remarks.

"Go with me!" he seemed really astonished at the proposal.

"Yes; and then if anything befalls you, I shall be near to help you. O, I would rather give worlds, than have any harm happen to you! May I not go with you, dear Henry?"

"No, Nancy; that is impossible. If it could be so, I should certainly have been the first to propose it. It will not do for me to take you among my friends yet. You know the situation of things well, for I have often told you of them all. By-and-by, Nancy. Try to be happy here until I return to claim you."

"Ah!" she sighed involuntarily; "but how shall I know when that 'by-and by' will come? It will be so long to me here alone. I shall have no one to talk with, when you are gone; and mother, you know—" She-stopped here, as if a dark thought beclouded her mind.

"Yes, yes, I suppose I know," returned he.
"But you must not speak to her of me, Nancy. She does not like me any too well, I know. But what is that to me? Nothing. So, Nancy, try to be as cheerful as you can; all will come out bright finally."

He kissed her, while she clung to him and

to be as enerriu as you can; all will come out bright finally."

He kissed her, while she clung to him and wept; and in another moment had taken his departure.

The girl sat a long time on the log, the sport of her tempestuous feelings.

The girl sat a long time on the log, the sport of her tempestous feelings.

But the man,—he who had wantonly trifled with the purest and freshest feelings of her heart,—said aloud to himself, as he reached a little dell just beyond:

"Well! I am glad to get off so! I thought at first I should have more trouble. But it's well enough as it is. Only a pleasant episode in my summer's experience! That is all! Why must I necessarily think I must be serious about it? Because she's so much given up to the dream, it's no sort of reason why I should be, certainly!"

ertainly!"

And walking on in the direction of the village inn, thus did the faithless trifler think to assure

And walking on in the direction of the village inn, thus did the faithless trifler think to assure himself again.

"Have you been with Mr. Dalton to-night, Nancy!" her mother gently inquired of her, as she opened the cottage door.

The girl made no reply, but sat down in sad silence near the open window.

"I fear, Nancy," said ther mother, "I fear more than I dare tell you now. I would caution you; but you will not listen. You have had little experience, my child."

"But he has always told me that he loves me," was her reply.

"And you, therefore, think he does?"

"Mother, how can I question a word he utters, when he is so carnest in his talk with me? I know that he loves me!"

"If he has sincerely told you so, Nancy, I certainly hope he does. Now let him take the steps necessary to prove it. We are poor; he is rich. He has every advantage over us in society. Then if he truly loves you, he will be anxious to make such sacrifices as will best prove it. Do you not see that, Nancy?"

Nonswer; but the girl plucked the leaves of the rose-vines that sheltered the window, as if her mind was filled with thoughts.
"Does he say anything of me, Nancy?"

No answer; but the girl plucked the leaves of the roses vines that sheltered the window, as if her mind was filled with thoughts.

"Does he say anything of me, Nancy?"

"No, mother, only that you—you—"

"Well, what?"

"That you do not like him."

"Well, and why should 1? I am waiting for him to explain his intentions. Let him first do that: I think he will know thea whether I really like him or not."

Nancy said no more. But her mother seemed quite unwilling to let the subject drop, and kept up a desaltory train of remarks upon it for some time; now enlarging on the many and unsuspecting snares there were all over the world, especially for the humble and defenceless ones, and now be-waiting the accidents that may so suddenly rob a widow of the love of her only child. child.

The latter was so much affected with both the

The inter was omen increase with out the remarks and her own bitter reflections, that she went off immediately to her room, without even bidding her mother her usual "good night."

Many were the succeeding days, in which there was no pleasure for either of the two hearts in that humble household. The mother was depressed with the weight of her great anxiety; the daughter secretly pined for the happiness that had already reached to the very verge of her lips, and then receded like flowing waters so cruelly.

Weeks went round. Early autumn time was at hand. Nature began to give signs of decay, and the fading and falling leaf awakened new and deeper sources of sorrow in the young girl's heart.

another evening. So long had she been accus-tomed to keep her thoughts to herself, that she had become almost a solitary. The secret had that had so long held her to the heart of her mother now seemed strained apart, and healers. nother now seemed strained apart, and broken.
She was pondering upon her future; darkly ondering. A new purpose had taken control

ould fice secretly from home,-leave al She would the secretly from home,—leave all she had held so dear, behind her,—break asunder forever, if need be, the links that always had connected her with the objects of her lore,—and follow after him whom she worshipped in her inner heart above all 1. A terrible, truly terrible purpose for one so young and so fail, and so completely ignorant of all that pertains to the

thronging life into which she was about to plunge; but her energies were equal to its development. It was in the gray of the early dawn, then, that she slipped unperceived out through the cottage door, and took her way down the forest road below. Once—twice she stopped a moment, to look just another time at the receding cottage that for all her life hitherto, had held her hopes and her happiness. The windows grew dimmer and dimmer; and finally slunk away, with the roof and all, in the lengthening distance. She drew a deep sigh; and, while a glittering tear-drop fell to the ground at her feet, nerved herself anew with the courage that was to carry her through all.

A long—long day, indeed. Only a few pieces of silver in her pocket which she had been carefully saving for months; and these would take her to the metropolis, and procure her lodgings for perhaps one or two nights. The low state of her finances, however, was the very last subject

for perhaps one or two nights. The low state of her fioances, however, was the very last subject that troubled her mind. Her thoughts were strained to purposes and hopes that forbade their descending to matters of such secondary interest; albeit, in one way, they might be matters of the first interest to her yet.

She reached the station at which the cars were to take her up. It was many, many miles from her home, and when she arrived there, she was weary with walking. With a feeling, then, of thankfulness, she threw herself into the seat in the car, and gave herself up to the fears and hopes that ran swift races, even with the lightning-like train that bore her on.

It was the middle of the afternoon, when she arrived at her journey's end, and a mild, melancholy afternoon in autumn, when her thoughts went back mournfully, yet pleasantly, to the fa-

arrived at her journey's end, and a mild, melancholy afternoon in autumn, when her thoughts
went back mournfully, yet pleasantly, to the familiar scenes about her quiet home, and her
memories rose up with subtle and searching influences before her. She alighted and began
crowding along down the street in the same
direction so many were going.

Now she commenced her search, a thoroughly
hopeless one, it would seem, to any one else;
but by no means such to her. She ran her eyes
rapidly over every face that passed her own.

Quick as thought itself she successively canvassed the several claims of each countenance to
her recognition, and rejected them. Now her
eyes lit up with a wondrous lustre indeed; and
now it sank down, like a living flame, into the
ashes of her faith and hope.

She walked on, and walked on. It seemed to
her that there was to be no end of the streets.
The people swam by her in thousands; so that
her brain began to grow dizzy with the changing, shifting spectacle. The shop windows bedazzled her with the glitter of their splendid

ing, shifting spectacle. The shop windows dazzled her with the glitter of their sple shows. Voices of men, and women, and

ing, shifting spectacle. The shop windows bedazzled her with the glitter of their splendid
shows. Voices of men, and women, and children, rang confusedly in her ears; and, joined
with the steady roar and rattle of the carts,
went to create a perfect maelstrom of sound for
her brain, in which were wrecked and temporarilly drowned all the plans and thoughts she had
ever cherished—save only one.

That one was respecting her lover.

No, no; she could not be separated from him.
She must he with him; be where she could look
lovingly into his eyes every day; and hang enraptured on the blissful intonations of his very
voice; and tell him continually all her feers, all
her feelings, all her wants, and her deepest and
quickest sympathies. She must live and move
only in the magnetism of his immediate presence
and induence. How dearly she loved him, what
tongue could ever begin to tell! How continually her thoughts were upon him, how devotedly
her feelings hovered around him by night and
by day,—who was there in the wide world to
know as well as she! She would sacrifice everything now that was dear to her, for his sake.
Her thoughts vagrantly endeavored to seek out
some strange and unheard-of enterprise, by
which she might the more perfectly prove the
genuineness of her devotion.

And thus she walked, and walked continualtly on.

She, the helpless and innocent child of quictude, fresh from the nest in which she had broodelf nom the storms of the outer world all her
life,—she wandered alone in the thronged streets
of the great town. There were no friends about
her, on either hand. She was a perfect stranger
in her rush of the great world. Everything
amazed her. Every sound confused her. The
town sights—varied, innumerable and bewildering,—nearly sufficed to throw her mind from its
wonted balance. And it might, indeed, save for
the fact that she held continually true to her
single, fixed plan, not for a moment swerving to
either the right hand or to the left. That purpose was—to find him to whom her hea

and was struck when the great rates of the common content met her gaze, at the last, she began equally to wonder at their marvellous resemblances. Figure after figure went by. Elegant ladies, richly attired, and beggars and rag pickers jostling them on the pavement. Men on their way to their hotels, their clabs, or their families, to dinner; and boys whistling dogs after them, calling to each other in play, and stopping here and there to study the shows in the dazzling windows.

Now she felt hope revive within her; and now it seemed to go out altogether. At one moment has felt sure that the vision she had seen in her dreams so long, was at last really before her eyes; and at the next, she would experience a sense of friendlessness and desolation that threatened to prostrate her at fall length across the pavement.

suddenly she started. Her beautiful limbs, Suddenly she started. Her beautiful limbs, just now all weary and languid with exertion so long continued, in an instant sprang into their old condition of harmony. Her figure was erect. Grace sat upon her, and made her a queen. Her eye was all aglow with delight. The blood trashed in a swittorrent to her face. Her mouth was wreathed with a pleasant smile, as of greeting. What was it that so started her? Had she been so fortunate as thus unexpectedly to meet with the face whose image lived continually in her heart?

her heart?

Yes, it was her lover himself! He was walk-

ing slowly forward in her direction. Soon he would be up with her.

A lady was at his side towards whom his head

A lady was at his side towards whom his head inclined and with whom he seemed conversing quite gaily. She betrayed the delight she felt at the moment, by the expression of her fine coun-tenance. Nancy just glanced at her; but that was all. She looked again to read the heart of hear together the state of the state o

Was all: Site books.

She thrust her little bundle under her thin shawl, and approached him with as much excitement of manner as if she were sure of a most kind and welcome reception. Her hand was half put forth already. Such a sweet and sympathizing look as her face, for a brief moment wore, it would be impossible to convey in mode to any reader.

rords to any reader.

She looked straight into his face. Their eyes ecidentally met. Nancy was just about to peak—to throw out her arms—to express,

speak—to throw out her arms—to express, even in ejaculations, the extreme joy the moment had brought to her.

A cold, chilling, repulsive look of his, suddenly succeeding to the one of awakened surprise, drove quickly back the sympathies with which she was ready to accost him, and froze her to the spot!

which she was ready to accost him, and froze her to the spot!

She could not stir. She seemed rooted to the place she stood upon. The blood left her face as suddenly as it had mantled it, and she had the pallor of a corpse.

There was that look still before her swimming eyes,—cold, forbidding, cruel! It crushed out the life suddenly from her young heart, and left her another being than what a moment before she had been. He had recognized her; that was certain. Yet, he refused to know her publicly. He turned away from her sweet look with an expression of bitter scorn.

She even thought her ears bore concurrent testimony with her eyes. She thought she heard the companion of his hand ask if that porg give was not a natural beauty; and the answer, sneering, unmanly, and terribly cruel, rung in her ears like water in the ear of a drowning person.

her ears like water in the ear of a drowning person.

Where—where was she to go? A waif on the highway of the world, where should she find a haven and rest.

Her heart went back instantaneously to the mother whom she had deserted. Yes, the mother is always the last and best resort! She pictures that mother, still bowed with the weight of her new silliction; and standing there on the sidewalk of the great town, she longed for only the wings of a dove, that she might fly away and be at rest in her bosom again.

It was long after twilight, and after the rows of lamps had been lighted on either side of the streets, that she found herself in an obscurity of whose circumference or centre, she knew nothing. She was lost in the on-coming dark-

nothing. She was lost in the on-comingness, and in the labyrinth of streets and ness, and in the labyrinth of streets and lanes.
As she went on, now gazing this way and now that, and all the time nursing the secret that had well nigh destroyed her existence already, a 4-man, poorly clad and suffering under the effects of an unusual excitement, suddenly active the secret of the secret of

"O, for the love of my poor heart, give me pity, give me pity!"
Here was a sufferer like herself. The resemblance struck a quick and sensitive chord of sympathy. She immediately followed on close behind the stranger, though without a word, and ascended several flight of stairs, around a corner. Into a room, small, low and darkened, with but a single window for the admission of the light, and but illy supplied with the necessary articles of furniture, they found their way. The woman drew a match across the wall, and lit the remaining piece of a candle on the little stand. She did everything in silence, and when her She did everything in silence, and when her work of preparation was complete, she beckoned Nancy to her.

The latter obeyed the summons, and approach-

ed Nancy to her.

The latter obeyed the summons, and approached the bed. Slowly the distressed woman drew back the covering and exposed the face of a dead child—a little girl—to the gaze of the astonished stranger! Instantly she broke forth in a series of the most pictous moans and groanings it is possible to conceive. She threw herself again and again across her babe, bewailing the cruel and remorseless fate that had separated them. With tears streaming down her haggard checks, she rehearsed the history of her darling's life, dwelling with a most tender minuteness on all its trifling traits and foibles, and weeping over the brief story of its death. By turns she wept and prayed. Now she lost herself in soilioquy, and now she broke beyond all the bounds of self restraint, and gave herself up to the passionate sorrow that ruled her.

Nancy stood and witnessed, and listened, till she grew agitated beyond description. She tried words of sympathy for this poor, distrated wowds of sympathy for this poor, distrated wo

she grew agitated beyond description. She trues words of sympathy for this poor, distracted wo-man: but they were but faint and feeble at best. She, too, remembered the deep affection of her own mother for herself; and her heart bled affesthase the thought of it came over her.

and daisies, within sight of that little cottage window. It was heaped over the body that lies below, in the early spring.

What do they say, those that pass the spot

That there lies a poor broken-hearted girl! And for once, indeed, the world has guessed it truly. There have been broken hearts before now; and this was one of the saddest of them all. It was the heart of poor Nancy! [Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ESTELLE:

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

Is a small village, a few leagues from Paris, lived an honest peasant called Jaquet, whose wife was familiarly known as Mother Migsette. The former was a hard working, inoffensive man, but ignorant; the latter was more intelligent and better educated than most of her class, and had gained considerable influence among the surrounding peasantry. Here was a sympathizing nature, who had a cheering smile and a kind word for all.

One night as she sat thoughtfully gazing into the fire, while beside her was a cradle, in which

word for all.

One night as she sat thoughtfully gazing into the fire, while beside her was a cradle, in which lay a young child, a gentle knock fell upon her ear. It was late, but Mother Mosette was not timid and immediately opened the door.

A well-dressed man entered, bearing an object in his arms which he carefully deposited on a large arm-chair.

"Look at it," he said, in a respectful tone. The good woman cautiously opened the folds of an ample cloak, and beheld a beautiful infant. She started back in surprise.

"The child is confided to your care; she is called Estelle. Her parents are well-born; at some future time she will be claimed. They have good reason to know you are kind, honest and virtuous; that you will guard her from moral as well as physical evils."

"By what name are the parents known?" asked Mother Mosette.

"I am forbidden to tell. But do not fear, my good woman; the child need not blush for its parentage. Here is a purse of gold; when it is exhausted, more will be forthcoming."

Mother Mosette drew off the cloak wrapped about the sleeping infant. She glanced inquiringly at the stranger as she remarked the richness of its clothing.

"That finery must be put out of the way; it will only attract attention. You will know best what is proper, under the present circumstances."

The woman stood a moment without speaking, as though considering the proposal.

"You do not hesitate?" said the man, with a concerned expression.

"I am fearful I shall not saitsfy—that it may

ncerned expression.
'I am fearful I shall not satisfy—that it may

not be for the best. We cannot read the future," she replied, irresolutely.

"True; but be assured you shall suffer no loss by bestowing a mother's care on this innocent one. I would she could pass as your own child?" he added, turning abruptly to mark the effect his words might produce.

"That cannot be," was the quick reply, as she pointed to the cradle which the stranger had not observed.

The latter looked disappointed, but seeing her manner was decisive, did not urge the polat.

"The child wears a pearl necklace," he continued, after a passe. "Preserve it religiously; do not part with it on any consideration. It is highly valued, as family memorial."

The good woman bent over to examine the ornament. It was of exquisite design. A locket was attached to it by a small gold chain, which, to all appearance, contained a miniature. When Mother Moestete looked around, the stranger had disappeared.

"Gone!" she exclaimed.

At that moment the child opened its eyes, looked up in her face and smiled, as though imploring her protection in its helplessness.

The kind-hearted woman took it up, kissed its dimpled cheek affectionately, and inwardly resolved it should never lack a mother's care. She would divide her heart's treasures between the little Extelle and her own Lucine.

Jaquet was not particularly pleased at finding his family so unexpectedly increased; but his good humor returned by learning that the child was amply provided for.

A sad event occurred next morning. The infant daughter—the loved Lucine—sickened suddenly and died. The mother grieved sorely, but weeping would not give life to the dead. At length her saddened thoughts turned to the stranger child. It seemed providentially sent to fill the void in her heart. With an inxpressible yearning she clasped the little Extelle to her bosom, and from that hour the child knew no other parent. It was no difficult matter to pass it off as her own. The simple peasants had no suspicions, and although it was remarked that Mother Mosette looked pale and sad, no one

conduct had been satisfactory, and that the mother would soon visit her child.

Years passed away and she came not. The good woman was obliged to believe Estelle's friends had forsaken her, for she vainly looked for any tidings from them. Yet she was as thoughtful of her yoling charge as ever, relaxing not an effort to make her happy, and giving her such instruction as her means would allow. She loved Estelle as she had Lucine; she knew no difference. The worthy Jaquet had suddenly deceased, and Mosette was thankful food had given her so good a daughter for her solace. One day Mother Mosette and Estelle sat by an open window. The latter was now fifteen years of age, and able to be of some assistance. At this time her work lay untouched, her usually nimble fingers were idle, while her dark, pensive eyes were fised on the floor. At length she said: "I dreamed last night, mother."

"Don't you every night," replied the woman, pleasantly.

"But this was not a common vagary of sleep, resumed the young girl. "I thought we lived in a large chateau with grand old trees about it. The staircase was wide, the rooms high, there were corridors and saloons, we had servants to wait on us, and everything was very magnificent. O I should like to live in just such a place?" Mother Mosette glanced at the lovely speaker in concern. "You are discontented, then ?"
"O no, my mother; but that was such a pleasant foram, I have thought of it much. I even remember the large pictures that looked down on me from the wall. One of them was a beautiful lady, who seemed to regard me so tenderly that I loved her at once."
Mosette felt uneasy. Why did the girl have such fancies. Were her intuitions whispering the truth? "Such imaginary things are of no account; they should be forgotten."
"I suppose so," said Estelle, sadly. "And yet," she added, her countenance brightening as she spoke, "and yet who knows but some day we shall have plenty of money, and not have to work so hard?"
"Don't talk about it any more, my child. Sing to me," returned Mother Mosette, anxious to change the subject. "I like your singing better than your dreaming."
Extelle smiled, and did as she was requested. At first, the tones were of surpassing softness and sweetness, then they grew louder and clearer, and anon the melody filled the room.
"I love to sing, dear mother," said Estelle, as the last echo died away. "I cannot express myself in any other way. It makes me better, happier. My spirit seems to speak in a language of its own, while every pulse thrills with delight as I strive to give it utterance."
Mosette was about replying, when her eye rested upon the figure of a man near the window. As she looked up, he came forward.
"I could not avoid listening to such rare music. I have been too much charmed to move," he said, courteously.
Estelle colored, and her companion invited him to enter.
"A wonderful voice," he observed, seating himself.

him to enter.
"A wonderful voice," he observed, seating

himself.

"Do you think so?" replied the woman.

"I never heard it excelled. If she could have good instruction, neither of you would be obliged to do that hard work any longer," he added.

"O how nice that would be!" exclaimed

"You will spoil the child, monsieur," Mother Mosette, with slight coldness, resu

Mother Mosette, with slight coldness, resuming her work.

"I should be sorry to do that. I do but speak the truth," returned the gentleman, warmly.

"I should like to hear mademoiselle sing again.

I am a great lover of music."

The young girl looked at her mother.

"Sing, my child," said the latter.

Again a strain of delicious harmony delighted the ears of monsieur. He bent forward eagerly, lest he should lose one of the bird-like tones.

"Excellent, excellent." he exclaimed, whee Estelle had ceased, and was timidly looking at his face, which certainly expressed wonder and admiration.

his face, which certainly expressed wonder and admiration.

"My good woman," resumed the gentleman, turning to Mother Mosette, after a moment's pause, "such a voice was not given to your child for no purpose. She is capable of becoming a distinguished prima donna. I am manager of — theatre, and ought to know something about these things. Permit her to go with me. I will procure her the best masters that Paris can afford, at my own expense, and in two years she will be prepared to earn herself a name and a fortune. Do not decide without thought," he added, perceiving that she was about to reply in the negative. "Look at the matter deliberatedy. Reflect on my offer, and give me an answer in a week's time."

Thanking Estelle for her kindness in gratifying him, and bowing low to Mother Mosette, he departed.

Estelle sighed, looked wisfoll—

ing him, and bowing low to Mother Mosette, he departed.

Estelle sighed, looked wistfully in the direction he had taken, and hoped he would come again. Mosette was slient for some time. When the proposition had first been made, she was on the point of giving an indignant refusal. A little reflection made her pause. She remembered Jaquet was dead, that time was already silvering her own hairs. Who would protect the girl when she was gone? Might not her wondrous beauty prove a fattal gift to her? These thoughts passed rapidly through her mind. The kind woman had always cherished a secret hope that Estelle would one day occupy her true position. She was aware that the girl had an uncommonly fine voice. From infancy she had warblet wilk a nightingale, making ill-humor vanish, and dull days passe cherrily. But whether this gift could be turned to account was a question. Perhaps the unknown had overrated her powers. But then, if Estelle succeeded, she would be placed beyond the reach of want, and better able to take care of herself, should she be left without a protector. She might attract some attention, and by that means her parentage be discovered. This last thought had more weight with Mother Mosette than all the rest. Estelle should decide.

"Estelle, mychild, what are you thinking of?" she asked, looking searchingly at the fair girl.

"I was singing, in imagination to a large audience," replied Estelle, frankly.

"Foolish one!" exclaimed Mosette, in a playful manner. "Do not look so sad. I am not displeased. You are younger than I am, and look at things in a different light. But, mydear," she continued, speaking more seriously, "it is for you to say how we are to reply to this strange gentleman. It shall be as you wish."

"Then let us go," said Estelle, with vivacity. "I have so longed to see Paris. You will be with me, and I shall fear nothing. I will study hard and earn much money that your declining years may be made comfortable."

The point was determined; they would try their fortunes in Paris. Estelle sighed, looked wistfully in the dire

"We go on this condition, only," said the woman; "that we shall not be separated."
No such sacrifice being demanded, Mother Mosette felt more at ease. A few weeks found the two females comfortably installed in Paris. Estelle was at once put under the tuition of an excellent master, and initiated into a course of cientific training.
Nearly three years passed on. It was the night of her debut. Clad in simple white, with a few natural flowers in her dark hair, Estelle stood before Mosette, who gazed on her with fond pride for a moment, and then took from a small box the necklace which had been left in the keeping. Estelle looked at it with curiosity. "It has a miniature within. Examine it." Estelle touched a spring and the locket opened. "It is like the picture of the lady that I saw in my dream!" she exclaimed. "The same beautiful smile, the same loving face as that! O, where did you get it, my mother?"

"Some inter will be led to all shoot it. Think

beautiful smile, the same loving face as that!

O, where did you get it, my mother?"

"Some time I will tell you all about it. Think
now of what is before you. Act naturally, and
you will act well. If your courage wavers,
think of this picture and be strong. You will
sing admirably—I am sure of it."

Mother Mosette smiled on her fair charge,
kissed her tenderly, and abruptly left the room.

Estelle glanced again at the miniature, pressed it hastily to her lips, and then closing it, gave
her hand to Monsieur Delonde, who at that moment made his appearance.

ed it hastily to her lips, and then closing it, gave her hand to Monsieur Delonde, who at that moment made his appearance.

The curtain drew up, and the young debutante was led upon the stage. Rapturous applause greeted her appearance, followed by a deep silence. For a moment, she was perplexed and irresolute. The timid glance she cast at the audience, assured her that all eyes were fixed on her. Her youth and beauty had already secured the approbation of the house, but of that she was ignorant. For the first time she seemed to feel the crushing responsibility of her situajion. She averted her gaze before so many glasses and curious faces, and wished she was again be neath the humble roof of Mother Mosette. Thoughts rushed through her mind like lightning—she lived an hour in a second. "Courage!" said the kind voice of Delonde, as the orchestra played a few bars.

The little word acted upon her like magic. Her bosom throbbed once more with hope—her brain thrilled with the inspiration of song. Raising her eyes, she broke the oppressive silence. Her voice, tremulous and weak at first, soon swelled into full and delightful notes, and gaining confidence as she went on, had conquered the diffidence of a first appearance.

gaining confidence as she went on, had conquer

d the diffidence of a first appearance. Estelle forgot that thousands gazed upon her Estelle forgot that thousanns gazed upon mer Her slight figure seemed to grow taller, her chest beaved, and she gave herself up to the inspiring heme. She sang wonderfully. The applause was enthusiastic, and a general buzz of admira-tion gave evidence that the audience could ap-preciate true cenius.

on gave evidence that the anothere could ap-reciate true genius.

The young girl had indeed achieved a triumph, ut the approval of Mother Mosette, the worthy ananger, and here kird old teacher, was valued nore highly than anyping else.

Now, of course, the fair prima-donna had anny admirers. Much perfumed note paper as wasted by the inditing of numberless episte all counded in extraorant languages and many antimiers. Much perfumed note paper was wasted by the inditing of numberless episites, all couched in extravagant language, and begging the honor of an introduction, while some contained jewels of value, which the debutante was desired to wear at the next opera. These numerous offerings necessarily reached Estelle through Delonde, who, agreeably to Mother Mosette's request, invariably declined giving her address, well knowing that the society of most of the disappointed applicants would do her no good. Estelle laughed at the missives, and returned the ornaments with politic assurances that she did not accept presents.

One day Estelle, closely veiled, sought the residence of her kind master. She did not notice, on her return, that a young man watched her steps, and surveyed the house attentively which she entered.

This was Paul Treville, the adopted son of a

This was Paul Treville, the adopted son of bleman of wealth and influence. He also had

This was Faul revine, the anopees son of a mobleman of wealth and influence. He also had been fascinated by the charming prima donna, and had been eager to make her acquaintance, By chance he had learned what so many were anxious to know, but he was too honorable to take an undue advantage of the circumstance. His wishes were soon after realized, however. He met Delonde, Mother Mosette, and Estelle one morning on a public promenade, and the former, who knew his name and high mornal character, made him known to his companions. He was invited to call upon them; and one visit succeeded another, until he saw Estelle daily. Paul Treville was endowed with rare musical talents himself; possessing a voice, deep, rich and melodious, he and Estelle passed many pleasant hours in practising duets together. Monsier Delonde had his head fall of business, and good Mother Mosette—simple soul—seeing the sieur Delonde had his head full of business, and good Mother Mosette—simple soul—seeing the muiden was happy and content, went quietly on with her netting in a corner; and so neither stapected the two young people might take it into their heads to fall in love with each other. But they did notwinstanding, although the kind woman was a long time in coming to a know-ledge of the fact. One day Paul found Estelle looking extremely unhappy.

"I must practise alone in future," she said, in reply to his anxions inquiries. "I have been imprudent; I should not have seen yous often. My mother has talked to me very kindly, and I must be governed by her advice; but I feel very miserable about it "
"What was her advice?" asked Treville, striving to speak calmly.

ing to speak calmly.

towards you?" red Estelle, avert-loes not think as ng her eyes, " ou do." " Paul," she

Remember w... leman's son, and what a guif there cross it."

o cross it."
rorth, genius, and
what care I for
chemently. " You have

"But your father, Paul—the Count de Beau ont," said Estelle, laying her small hand upon

mont," said Estelle, laying her small hand upon the young man's arm.

Treville's countenance assumed a disconsolate expression; he recalled the prejudices of his benefactor against those of low origin, and was confident he would never recognize Estelle as a daughter-in-law. Paul was to truthful to de-ceive the maiden in the slightest degree by any folse statement. false statement.

A long conversation followed, which did no

A long conversation followed, which did not serve to make matters look more hopeful, and Paul Treville, who was a full believer in the maxim, "that what can be done to-day ought not be put off ill the more." left Estelle and sought his father, to learn just how much opposition he might expect to encounter.

"I have come," said the young man, deferentially, "to speak to you on a subject of importance."

"In love, perhaps," retorted De Beaumont, turning a searching look upon l'aul.
"Unfortunately, that is true," replied he.
"Well, who is she—agrisette, a ballet dancer, a third-rate actress, or an open singer?" asked the count, somewhat contemptuously.

"A prima-donua," said Paul, in a penitent tone.

"A prima-donna," said Paul, in a penitent tone.
"A prima-donna!" exclaimed De Beaumont, dropping the book he had been reading.
"An angelie creature, I assure you," Paul ventured to remark, without looking up.
"Perhaps you think of marrying her!" pursued the count.
"With your consent," rejoined Treville.
"Of course I shall not withhold my consent; but I shall have to look up some wortay person to inherit my name and fortune."
"Ah, my benefactor, you should see her before you condemn her! She sings divinely!"
"The less you will need my name and estate, then," retorted Beaumont.
"Promise me you will see and hear her, before you give this matter serious thought."
"Such prodigies are not so rare that I need put myself out to see them," returned the other.
"This one is so rare that it would be worth going a hundred leagues to see.."
"It has affected your senses already," said

"This ...
"It has affected your senses already,
the count, compassionately,
"Will you go 3" resumed Treville.
"Yes, I will go. My carriage shall be at the
door at the proper hour. So dress yourself like
a monkey, and make yourself ridiculous with
perfumery, that your silly tricks may attract the
eyes of your charmer, and your borrowed ambrosia delight her olfactories."
Paul was well pleased with this consent, although so ungraciously given; for he was fully
""" that the young prima donna would
""" vinians.—"

Paul was well pleased with this consent, at-though so ungraciously given; for he was fully persuaded that the young prima donna would carry the count's good opinion by storm. Estelle had again charmed the Parisians.— Count De Beaumont and Paul Treville sat in a front box. The latter had expected to suffer his companion's raillery, but to his satisfaction he was silent, with his eyes fixed intently upon the beautiful singer.

The attention of our hero was divided between the stage and De Beaumont. The contempti-

beautiful singer.

The attention of our hero was divided between the stage and De Beaumont. The contemptuous smile that had curled his lip, on his entree had given place to a singular play of features. Doubt, curiosity, interest, each in turn was dominant upon his countenance. Between the pieces he rested his head on his hand, and mused deeply. The young man did not understand De Beamont's mood; he was not sure whether it would be prudent to propound questions. So after making a few observations, which were very briefly answered, by the nobleman, Paul concluded to await some farther demonstration.

The earriage drove up, and the two stepped in. The senior gentleman drew his hat over his face, and the junior leaned back in a corner to think of one who was every day becoming dearer to him. Not a word was said until they reached home, and Paul was about to take his leave for the night; then Beaumont spoke.

"I would speak with this prima donna," he said briefly. "Where can she be found?"

Treville was at first too much astonished at this unexpected request, to make an immediate rejoinder.

"You do not reply." added the count.

Treville was at first too much astonished at this unexpected request, to make an immediate rejoinder.

"You do not reply," added the count.

"Excuse me," said Paul, slightly confused.

"She has rooms at the Rue St.——"

"That is sufficient. Good night."

De Beaumont turned away, and Paul Treville repaired to his own apartment. That night he slept but little, for he could not forget the singular conduct of his friend and benefactor. In vain he taxed his imagination for some reasonable cause of the strong interest Estelle had excited in the bosom of the count. He awoke in the morning with such thoughts still in his mind, nor could he dismiss them. His watch had stopped during the night, and he was ignorant of the time; nor did he think to ask the servant who came to bring his breakfast, so that when he had paced his room for an hour, it seemed to him two; and he began to be impatient for Beaumont's return, even before he knew certain whether he had left his chamber.

Leaving the nobleman's adopted son to battle with his impatience as successfully as he can, we will visit Estelle. At an early hour, Delonde came to inform her that a middle-aged, respectable looking gentleman begged the favor of a few moments' conversation.

"You are aware that I do not often see strangers, Monsieur Delonde. What is his business?" she inquired.
"I can form no conjecture, or rather nothing

gers, Monsieur Delonde. What' is his busi-ness?" she inquired.

"I can form no conjecture, or rather nothing but conjectures in relation to that. Judging from his appearance, you need not hesitate about giving him an interview."

"I trust it all to your judgment, monsieur; I believe it has never misled me. If you think proper, to admit him, do so," returned Estelle.

"Let him come up," said Mosette. "I will remain here."

emain here."

Presently the door was thrown open by a ervant, and a gentleman of distinguished deortment was ushered in. He bowed politely to the prima-donna, who had arisen at his entrance, and begged her to be seated. Blushing, she omplied, somewhat intimidated by the courtly searing of her unknown visitor.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," said the visitor,
"nor imagine I came here merely to stare you
out of countenance. I heard you sing last night.
You acquited yourself nobly, but I have not
come to fill your ears with fulsome flattery.
You wore a pearl necklace, which I now see
lying upon the table. Allow me the liberty, if
you please, of examining it for a moment. The
workmanship appeared to me very curious—being
somewhat of a connoiseur in such matters."
Mosette inspired a deep breath, and grew
deadly pale; and her hand trembled exceedingly
as she passed the necklace and locket to the
stranger.

as she passes the stranger.

It was now Estelle's turn to be amazed, and she timilly raised her eyes to the gentleman's varying countenance, who with nervous haste now opened the locket.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried, with startling earnestness, and was in the act of carrying the picture to his lips, but suddenly checked himself. "May I ask," he added hurriedly, "if this is a picture of courself?"

"No, monsieur."
"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me whose it "That indeed I do not know," rejoined Es.

You trifle with me! It must be your m

er's," added the visitor, much agitated.
"No; my mother has the honor of being before you," answered Estelle, pointing at Mo-

"It is false!" he exclaimed energetically.

"It is false!" he exclaimed energetically.

"It is false!" he exclaimed energetically.

"This is a likeness of her who was your mother. Nature herself endorses this assertion, for you are her living counterpart. It was your resemblance to her, that so rivetted my attention upon you last night."

"Trust me, monsieur, you are deceiving yourself," resumed our heroine, with some firmness.
"How came this in your possession;"

"I never saw it until the night of my debut, when my mother placed it upon my neck."

"I will prove my words true," he said, with increasing agitation. "On the reverse of this locket is a secret spring,"

"I know of none," said Estelle, whose voice was now quite tremulous, and whose countenance expressed more interest than she had avowed.

"When I touch this secret spring."

avowed.

"When I touch this secret spring," resumed the stranger, "the reverse side of the locket will open, and display, engraved these words: "Estelle De Beaumont, born July 10th, 1782."

"I have never seen them," returned the maiden, who had now quite lost her self posses-

maiden, who had now quite lost her self possession.

"What does all this portend!" she exclaimed,
glancing wildly at the necklace, the stranger
and Mosette; for the agitation of the latter coul
no longer pass unnoticed.

"It means that you are the daughter of the
Count and Countess De Beamont," he replied.

"No, no! this is but a wild vagary, here is my
mother; she can say. Moher, speak to this
gentleman! say that I are your own daughter!"
"I cannot!" gasped Mosette.

"I knew it!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Who are you! said Mosette, in a choked
voice.

"Who are you? said Mosette, in a choked voice.
"I am De Beaumont—her father," he answered.
"Yes, it must be true," added Mosette.
"Do you hear that my child! Have you no embrace—no word of greeting for your father!"
But De Beaumont's words fell upon insensible ears; Estelle had swooned. The count caught her in his arms, and while he was pressing her convolvisely to his heart, Paul Treville entered unannounced. He stood amazed. What had transpired? Why was Estelle in De Beasmon's arms? He advanced a few paces, and looked besechingly at Muster Mosette.
"Estelle has found a father," said the latter, in answer to his mute entreaty,
"I was informed that her father was dead."
"I am her father," said Beaumont, abruptly.
"You are confounded, and I will explain the mystery. "I wedded E-telle's mother clandes-tinely, without the consent of her parents. Her brother and an intimate friend of mine were the only winesses of the compact. One daughter was born if that marriage, whose birth we deemed necessary to keep secret. At a tender age, she was entrusted to the care of my wife's brother, and a careful nurse. Not long after this she was entrusted to the care of my wife's bruther, who found, as he thought, a safe retreat for her, and a careful nurse. Not long after this event, being an officer in the army, I was sent on active service in a long campatien. In my absence, my fair young wife died. When I returned, after three years, I learned that my brother in law had gone to America, with Lafayette, and had been slain in an engagement. Thus, I had lost all clue to my daughter. Last night, at the opera, the prima-donna's resemblance to my deceased countess attracted my attention, and afterward the pearl necklace, which had once belonged in my family; for, on account of its peculiar workmanship, I thought I could not be mistaken in regard to its former ownership. Nor did the evidence cease here; for her voice was that of my sainted Estelle, who was happily gifted with the power of song. So much was my curiosity excited, that it led to this visit, and the present denouement."

Estelle, who had heard the greater part of this presents. er, who found, as he thought, a safe retreat for her, and a careful nurse. Not long after this

ie present denouement."

Estelle, who had heard the greater part o Estelle, who had heard the greater part or inarrative, now opened her eyes and smiled fit ly upon Treville; and Delonde having enter the same story was related to him, after, who wherh of Moster gave those incidents in the of her adopted daughter, which the reader

of her adopted daughter, which the reader already knows.

De Beaumont conducted the whole party to his chateau, where the chain of evidence was rendered complete by a full length picture of this wife (corresponding to the likeness in the locket) and sundry documents in his possession.

When our heroine found a father, the musical world lost one of its brightest ornaments; for sleenever appear ad again in public.

De Beaumont forgot his prejudice against prima donnas, and when Paul archly asked him file had yet "looked up a more worthy heir," he shook his finger at him playfully, and referred him to his daughter, for an answer to that impertinent question. The response which he received was given at the altar some months afterwards.

PHATHIARS MAG of our UNION was the state of the same

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

ATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR

ns of The FLAG of our Union are & variably in advance. The paper is always a partial of the time paid for.

imprint of the minimum designed for publication in the safety must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Bosron, paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Bosron, page proprietor of The Flag of our Union, post page.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

the Silent Martyr," a story by GEO, CANNING HILL, the Forget-me-not," a tale by ANNE T. Wilson. Hr. Bantam's Legacy," a humorous sketch by The

JN.

Boarder, "a domestic tale by Austin C. Burdick.

Newman's Parlor," a sketch by Mrs. E. Well-

Captive," poem by H. N. HATHAWAT.
s of the Dead." verses by J. HUNT, JR.
song of Death," lines by GEO. WENTZ.

"The Song of Deathy," lines by Out National Astrocks Decounted.

"Man's Journey through Life," "A Story of the Old Bensimen," "Wall of the Broken Heart," "The Lover's Desinbert," "A Frag." "To Lydia," "The Way of Life," "Matter," "Lines," "A Mother's Prayer," and "I Love to Dream."

NOTEWORTHY THEMES.

NOTEWORTHY THEMES.

A practice, it is well known, has long been in active operation in England and on the European continent, by which the just, when they get too full to be manageable, are empited of their prisoners, and cargoes of featering vice and departity, composed of those offscourings of popular corruption, are shipped over here. These berls of thieres and burglars, and midnight robbers and assassins, are thrust forth from the countries whose laws they have disgraced, and landed on our shores, forsouth, to recommence their career of villany and wickedness, and in white fields. Ships, loaded with them, are arriving at our ports every week, and discfarging their feeld and morally miasmatic cargoes all over the country; blighting and blasting society wherever they go, spreading vice and debauchery and disregard of the law in every spot where they rest, familiarizing men's minds to murder, and bloodshed, and rapine, and turning society and bloodshed facts staring us in the face, and threatening to overtura everything we hold sacretal, well is supine, apparently unmoved by the control of the evils that are diffusing themselves around us on every side, and tamely suffering the social disorganization and destruction to go on, without making the slightest effort to prevent it. Our own criminals are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus are bad enough, and and an own the minus and and an own the minus and and an own the minus and and the minus and and an own the minus and and an own the min are constantly introduc

regards the strong back of General Conche to the Government of Cata, by the new government of the season of the control of Gover

the days to come.

During the "Swill-milk" investigation before the Committee of the Board of Health, in New York, recently, one milk-man witness testified in this wise: "Some," he said, "the sold for four cents per quart, some for five, and some for six; if people wanted cheap milk he put in water." This testimony is highly encouraging to the purchasers of "cheap milk," at least so far as it assures them that they get nothing worse than water. There is a principle in ag worse than water. There is a principle in-Unless a person is willing to pay the true for an article, he is pretty sure to get a one in place of what he supposes he is

asing.

The New Brunswick papers state that heries in the district of St. John, as well the northward, have proved, so far, sucrsheries in the district of St. John, as well to the northward, have proved, so far, sucsful this season. The fishing at Labrador is or reported to be good. The American fishschooners in the Gulf of St. Lawrence have d a very unprofitable mackerel fishery this ar. Mackerel are yet searce, and only found long distances from the land, so that the vesthave had no occasion whatever to go within three miles limit. The fisheries form so imstant an item in the staple products and trade

Xwe England, that this is a matter of comon interest.

Mon interest.

As being a great week's work, the Spring-eld Republican states that Capt. Samuel Par-ons of Northampton cut, made and put into his stars, sixty-two loads of hay during the first reck of July, commencing on the third, besides nowing for others to the amount of \$40 in the ame time. The whole was accomplished with hat would be equivalent to the labor of one man for only thirty-eight days. He mowed in one day, and in less than nine hours, eleven trees, producing from two to two and a half tons per acre.

DESTRUCTIVE.—The papers in all parts of country give sad accounts of the raging of in the woods, doing immense injury. The tracted drought increases their spread.

out its carriage, near Inspruck, Austria, injured that he died in half an hour.

FLORIDA.

A writer in the Floridian and Journal says, the upper stratum of Florida rests on one was the two for irregular arches of stupendous magnitude, through which immunerable rivers, creeks, and mineral waters, in silent darkness, perpetually flow. Wakulla, Ocilla, Warcissa, Crystal, Homosassa, Chesiouitska, Wickawtcha, and Silver Spring, are the principal rivers. The creek of this denomination are too numerous to mention—most of them afford fine mill sites. They are, too, partly or wholly navigable for the smaller class of steam and sail vessels, throughout the entire distances of their subterraneous out the entire distances of their subterraneous smaller class of steam and sail vessels, throughout the entire distances of their subterraneous
courses. Those that are not, can be made so
with comparatively small trouble and little expense. The same writer also says, that the
number of mineral and thermal springs in Floridia is more than two thousand. Their principal
solid ingredients are the sulphates of line, magnesia and soda, oxide of iron, and some iodine.
Their volatile ingredients consist of sulphureted
hydrogen, carbonic acid and nitrogen gases.
These gases soon evaporate if the water be exposed in an open vessel to the atmosphere; its
taste then becomes imipid, in some cases either
magnesian or acrid. If Florida he so thickly
imbedded with mineral ores, will it not clash
with the theory of Professor Agassis, who says
that Florida was built by the coral worm, and
other marine animalcules, and that it took them
upwards of one hundred thousand years to acupwards of one hundred thousand years to ac

upwards of one hundred thousand years to accomplish it?

Another writer also says, respecting the
geological phenomena of this State, among
the natural objects of curiosity are the existence
and frequent formation of beautiful riverlets
the pellucid waters of which after coursing
through many and long curves studenly disappear in some dark abyss, and all traces of
their windings are lost to human eyes. Vast
volumes of water are often seen to emerge from
the earth, at once forming navigable rivers,
teeming with fish, turdes and alligators. Both
these phenomena are common in some parts o
the State, and are probably mutually connected
by subterraneous channels.

HOW MUCH SUGAR DO WE EAT.

HOW MUCH SUGAR DO WE EAT.

Last year there were consumed in this country about 705,000,000 pounds of cane sugar, and 27,000,000 pounds of maple sugar. This gives more than 24 pounds of cane sugar, and one pound of maple sugar to every man, woman and child. This does not include molasses or honey. If this sugar were put into barrels holding 200 pounds, and each barrel occupied the space of three square feet only, it would require 336 acres of land for it to stand upon. The barrels, if placed in a row, would reach 220 miles. If this sugar was put up into paper packages of five pounds each, it would require 146,000,000 sheets of wrapping paper; and if only a yard of string —more than three times enough to go round the carth. If every retail cirk soid a hundred pounds of sugar each day, it would require nearly 25,000 clerks to sell it all in a year. If the dealers, wholesale and retail together, made a profit of only two cents a pound on this sugar, these profits alone would amount to \$15,000,000.

THE WHITE VEIL—A beautiful but strange custom prevails among the Japanese, by which the bride receives a disguised sermon as a preferquently receives presents of jewelry and dress, but in Japan her friends. In our land the bride day a long white veil. This well is long enough to cover her from head to foot. After the ceremony is over, she carefully Japs aside this veil among the things not to be disturbed. That wedding-veil is at her death to be her shroud. What would our females think of having their shroud around them to partake in the dancing and other revelries? and other revelries

THE ARTESIAN WELL IN CHARLESTON THE ARTESIAN WELL IN CHARLESFON.—
The Charleston, S. C., arceisan well has reached
the depth of 1177 feet, 300 of which have been
dug through a solid rock. The Courier says that
the auger was stopped a few day since, by rock,
for the fifty-fifth time. The well when completed, will be one of the most valuable, as well as
gigantic works in the country. Only think of
drilling rock at the depth of nearly 1200 feet 1

AN EXPENSIVE JOKE .- A clerk in a dry and dangerously wounded, Saturday week, Stemonths, a series of letters purporting to come from a young lady, and then having the matter published in a Sunday paper. Popular verdict: served him right.

NEW YORK AND LONDON .- In London, with and a half m a population of two and a half millions, the to-tal number of deaths for the week ending July 1st, was 1299. In New York, with a population of about 750,000, not one-third that of London, the deaths one week were 1139, or within 160 of those of London.

NEW YORK SLAVE TRADE.—The No NEW TORK SLAVE TRADE.—The Even volume as firms affirms that the slave trade is actually carried on between that city and the coast of Africa, and that New York merchants are constantly sending vessels to Africa to bring cargoes of slaves to Cuba.

COST OF RUSSIAN CONQUESTS—It is calcu-lated that the loss of life on the side of the Rus-sians, in the wars of Circassia, Persia, Turkey, Poland, and Hungary, during the last twey five years, amounts to more than a million of men

NORTHAMPTON —Preliminary steps are being taken for a celebration during the present season of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Northampton.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—If we had no faults arselves, we should not take pleasure in ob-

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Seneca Lake, New Yolk, has not been so low for many years as at the present time.

As liberality makes firends of enemies, so pride makes enemies of friends.

The drought is very severely felt in the State of New Hampshire. The streams are very low. The fellow who picked his way no doubt had something sharp in his hands.

If we do not subdue our angre, it will subdue us. It is the second word that makes the quarrel. The Edgartown Gazette reports that mackerel are very plenty at the south side of the island. Control your thoughts while in retirement, and your tongue when in company.

A merchant in New Orleans has been arrested for overdrawing his bank account \$7600.

The most irreconcilable enmities grow from the mostjántimate friendships.

When a tailor makes up his mind, what does he do with the remnants?

The catch of fish upon the Labrador coast has been very abundant.

Education is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.

In Maryland and Virginia, it is said that as a general thing the crop of corn will be a failure.

Strong words indicate a weak cause. The more a man swears, the easier he is licked.

Good Nova Scotia wood is now selling in this city for \$10 per cord.

ty for \$10 per cord. What sort of lucifers does a man use to make

ight of his troubles ?

To live above our station, shows a proud heart To live above our station, shows a proud heart; and to live under it, discovers a narrow soal. The negroes in New Orleans have been seized with a mania lately for fighting duels.

He that waits for an opportunity of taking his revenge, watches to do hizaself a mischief. There is talk of bringing out General Scott again as a candidate for the Presidency. Virtue is made for difficulties, and grows stronger and brighter for such trials.

SPAIN.

The queen of Spain, we see, has succeeded in patching up a temporary arrangement with Espartero, and in doing so makes a number of humiliating confessions, which show how just the grounds for insurrection were. Esparters se to command the Junta at Madrid, which con grounds for insurrection were. E-patters seems to command the Junta at Madrid, which considers itself the centre of the movement. A constitutional monarchy appears to be the highest aim of this party, as they say in their address to the queen that the insurrection is "against a bad government, not against the monarchical principle." The queen has yielded to all Espartero's demands, which were the immediate convocation of the Cortez, the organization of the National Guard, the removal of Palace influences, the monitation of the ministers to the high posts in the court, and the re-establishment of the constitution of 1837.

Promises extorted from the queen through fear, and contrision produced only when the hand of revolution is tearing the crown from her brow, are not the most stable guarantees of a people so often deseived, and hoping for larger results from revolution. The republican party, it is said, acts in accord with Espartero. If this be so, Spain may be spared a civil war, and pos-

it is said, acts in accord with resparters. It this be so, Spain may be spared a civil war, and pos-sibly such conditions may be imposed upon the queen as will prevent encroachments upon the queen as will prevent encroachments upon the rights of the nation by her future intrigues, except by precipitating a full and thorough revolution and republicanizing the country.

CALIFORNIA .- Riches and profusion are indis accession to the Union. We get a great deal of gold from California, but she gets something besides an overstocked market in flour and picksues an overstocked market in flour and pick-axes from this side the continent. By a state-ment in the National Intelligencer it appears that the appropriations for California made during the recent session in Congress amount to \$2,-608,059, independent of salaries to judicial and other public officers and the expenses of the land

ANTIMONY CANNON BALLS.—English papers state that experiments are being made by order of the British government, to test the effect of antimony cannon balls upon wooden surfaces. It is found that balls of this metal break upon striking the object at which they are fired, and the numerous metallic particles into which they separate are scattered in many directions, and would spread death and destruction on every side. An immediate supply of these antimony balls is to be despatched to the fleets in the Baltic and Black Seas. ANTIMONY CANNON BALLS .- English papers

Coal.—The clipper ship, Western Continent, at New York from Liverpool, has for cargo 1400 tons of coal. The increased supply of bituminous coal from many quarters, and the low rates twhich it can be purchased, in comparison with anthracite, will lead to its preference in all cases where its use is practicable. The present prices of anthracite coal are considered in this community to be exorbitantly high.

THE CHOLERA.—Since the appearance of the cholera at Jessore, in British India, in 1817, not less than eighteen millions of the human family have fallen victims to it—about fifteen or sixteen ons of whom have died in India and other nillic parts of Asia, and the remainder in Europe and

Well answered—An Englishman, once asking, "What thing to admire has America ever done?" was answered, "She has produced a girl, deaf, dumb and blind, who with herow hands did sewing enough to send a barrel of flour to some of your suffering countrymen."

Wellerism —"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you're hard pushed," said the idle boy to the needle.

INTERESTING TO SOME FOLKS.—The cou-have recently decided that a man is same v pays the printer just before making his will.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

- ea Linn," a tale by Mrs. Caroline Onne.
 Bargain, or, is a Penny saved twopence got," a
 by Alice B Naal.
 tes of Foreign Travel," No. 18. by F. Gerason,
 pan and the Japanese," No. 10, by Rev. LUTHER
 AM.
- ARNHAM.

 "Winter Birds," a poem by Mrs. L H. SMOURNEY.
 "Resignation," verses by Rose CLIFFORD.
 "I can't." Hoes by Mrs. M. W CURTS.
 "I can't." Hoes by Mrs. M. W CURTS.
 "The Child's Prayer," stanzas by Rev. SIDNET DYER
- ILLUSTRATIO In this week's number, we give a portrait of the noble triot, Lafayetse, with emblematic surroundings of es-em and honor.
- A representation of the celebrated field of Waterloo, the arena of the battle which closed Napoleon's career, as it now appears.
- as it now appears.

 View of the Hotel of the Prussian embassy at Paris.

 Portrait of Pedro Santana, the first President of the
 Dominican Republic.

 Portrait of Bonaventure Baes, President of the Dominican Republic.
- cene representing the Departure of the French Vol-rs, during the old French Revolution in 1792.

- Mia Carissima, or an Italian peasant woman and her infant.
- fant. View of the United States Navy Yard, at Philadelphia *a* The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots a the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

nillions of tons of pig iron will be the

Two minutes or continuous of the mount exported from Great Britain during mesent year.

The yacht America is advertised for sale at iosport (England) with all her costly and eleant equipments.

The Dundee Advertiser has been the first parer in Scotland to advance in price. It is unlerstood that others will soon follow the example.

The Hahnemann (homecopathic) hospital in

oursnoon that others will soon follow the example.

The Hahnemann (homeopathic) hospital in London, has ceased to exist, and its appurtenances have been sold. It always had a sickly existence, says the London Lancet.

During the ravages of the cholera at Barbados, no less than two hundred and sixty-two of the English regiment stationed there, have died.

Recent explorations at Pompeii have brought light a new bath house, larger than that dis-overed in 1824. A more valuable discovery is hat of a piece of glass shaped like a magnify-

that of a piece of glass shaped like a magnifying glass.

A Paris letter says that in several of the Provinces, the rural population are persuaded that the steam of the locomotive vitiates the air, and specially occasions the potato rot.

A statue of Queen Isabella, of Spain, is to be erected in Havana, upon a column to be built for the purpose. A model for the statue has well except the well-great present surpling the said to be an exquisite design.

Mr. Hind will soon have as many stars on his shield as the American banner. He announces the discovery of another planet, on the 22d of July, at Mr. Bishop's celebrated observatory, in Regent's Park. The celebrated observatory, in Regent's Park. The celebrated stranger appears like a star of 10-9 magnitude.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

osperity is no just scale; adversity is the balance to weigh friends in.—Plutarch.

To be reserved in speaking is the seal of the To owe an obligation to a worthy friend, is a happiness, and can be no disparagement.—

Chairon.

Better say nothing, than not to the purpose; and to speak pertinently, consider both what is fit and when it is fit to speak.—Pen.

He is happy that finds a true friend in extremity; but he is much more so, who finded not extremity whereby to try his friend.—Aristotle.

To use too many circumstances ere one comes to the matter is wearisome; to use none, is blunt.—Bacon.

blunt.—Bacon.

It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words, and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex, as to convince each other.—Wilkins.

strive to vex, as to convince each other. Wilkins. Rhetoric in serious discourses is like the downers in corn; pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap profit from it.—Swift.

As it is virtue which should determine us in the choice of our friends; so it is that alone which we should always regard in them, without inquiring into their good or ill fortune —Brugere.

It is with sincere affection or friendship, as with whots, and amonations a whine power.

—Hochefoucauld.

The deepest waters are the most silent; empty vessels make the greatest sound, and tinkling cymbals the worst music. They who think least, commonly speak most.—Tatler.

No one can take less pains than to hold his tongue. Hear much, and speak little; for the tongue is the instrument of the greatest good, and greatest evil, that is done in the world.—Sir W. Kaleigh.

Joker's Budget.

"Please ex." as the printer said when he bered his heart to a nice little girl.

"This augers well," as the musquito said when he settled on a fat man's nose.

Mrs. Partington says she was much elucidated st Sunday, on hearing a fine concourse on the arody of the prodigious sun.

jaw.

"Jack," said one sailor to another, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but shiver my timbers if I don't believe you stole my watch."

We generally say of a mill in full operation that it is running, and it is quite proper—for who has not seen a "mill red by the proper of th

of her choice.

"Is that the second bell?" inquired a gentleman of a sable porter at a country boarding
house, the other day. "No, sar!" exclaimed
the darkey, "dat am de secon' ringin' of de fust
bell—we has but one bell in dis house."

Julius Caesar Hannibal, giving an account of his sea voyage, says: "All de passenges was now heavin, and as if dat wasn't enough, de captain gave orders for de ship to heave to and she hove to."

"How are you this morning?" said Fawcett to Cooke. "Not at all myself," said the tragedian. "Then I congratulate you," replied Fawcett, "for be whatever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

Quill and Scissors.

Untill and bicissors.

During the late outbreak in Madrid, some very valuable pictures were sacrificed in the houses that were sacked. Count Quinto had several precious specimens of the old masters, one in particular, for which he had refused £1000 sterling. A choice library belonging to Sartorius, was also committed to the flames. E18,000 or £20,000.

The king of Bavaria has decreed that no children aged loss than ten years at least, and who have not received elementary religious instruction, shall be employed in factories; they shall not be occupied more than nine hours a day, and that of them three shall be passed at school; that the children shall be continually under surveillance; and that, if possible, the two sexes shall be kept separate.

The price point to Grid and Mario for five

wo sexes shall be kept separate.

The price paid to Grisi and Mario for five months singing is, 885,000 and all their expenses, which of course will not be light. The fulfilment of the contract, on the part of Mr. Hackett, is secured by a deposat of \$40,000, to be forfeited if the payments are not made with entire punctuality.

received if the payments are not made with entire punctuality.

A letter from Bucksport, Me., states that all vegetation is parched and withered, and to add to this evil, fires are prevailing in the woods up the Penobscot river. It is difficult to tell where or when they will stop, or what danger they may cause, unless rain comes speedity; there is great angrer of their proving highly disastrous.

The cholera has very much abared, both into too and rural districts of Canada, and the too and rural districts of Canada, and the too and rural districts of Canada, and the son, it is now so much diminished as to cease to be alarming.

The Washington, Va, Whig says: "Easter, a negro woman, the property of Mrs. Eliza F. Carter, near Upperville, in Esquier County, died on the 17th of July, naving attained the age of one hundred and forty years.

A lady in New Haven, after the first case or two of cholera occurred, took calomel, laudannum and cholera mixture, and finally wound up with a Dover powder, all between the tea hour and bed time!

A stalk of corn, measuring twenty two feet

hed time!

A stalk of corn, measuring twenty two feet and five inches in length, has been raised on the farm of Mr. Fisher, in Berks country, Pennsylvatian, and presented to the editor of the Reading Eagle. No drought in that neighborhood. A valuable horse belonging to Jesse Brown, the landlord of the Petersham House, in Petersham, died a few days since from poison secret administered by some fiend in human form. It is started that the Ohio and Mississippi Rail!

manustered by some fiend in human form. It is stated that the Ohio and Mississippi Raiload Company have ordered a locomotive to be
onstructed which shall be propelled by het air,
on an entirely new principle.
Miss Davenport has presented Mr. Honry
Sedley with a very magnificent ring, in token of
her appreciation of the brilliant support he
ufforded her in Chicago.

forded her in Chicago.

The editor of the Providence Post recom-lends beets, baked in the peel, as people bake otatoes, as a substitute for that scanty and often

mends beets, baked in the peel, as peopre manpotatoes, as a substitute for that scanty and often
rotten vegetable.

Frederika Bremer, in view of the present war
operations, has proposed a peace alliance to the
ladies of the United States and the feminine
portion of the world in general.

The Albany Journal asys, "afres are raging
all around us, in the Pine Plains and between
the Schenctady Turnpike and Railroad."

A line of road is now in progress of construction from Savannah, Georgia, to the Gulf of
Mexico, and is to be opened 150 feet wide.

Drunkenness is now punished with the greatess
severity in the British navy, and several officers
have been dismissed from the service for it.

Self-denial is a most exalted pleasure; and the
conquest of evil habits is a most glorious triumbe.

Conquest of evil habits is a most glorious triumbe. The cholera in Boston has merely a nominal

A dull divine looks on a sermon as a moral lever, whose power depends on its length.

A foot of Industry is worth a rod of Genius.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. A. A. Miner, Mr. Lotien G. Thay-er to Miss Charlotte C. Hanson. By Rev. Dr. Barrett, Mr. J. P. Burbeck to Miss Emily K. Calder.

K Calder.

By Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Benjamin A. Scribner to
By Rev. Mr. Barnard, Mr. Benjamin A. Scribner to
Biss Margaret M. Randall.

By Rev Mr. Streeter, Mr. Samuel A Gilman, to Miss
Mary K. Jaquith.

By Rev. S. K. Lothrop, Mr. George C. Preston to Miss
Anna Gay.

ay. Alexander Blaikie, Mr. Joseph Roy to Miss

Anna tay.

By Rev. Alexander Blaikie, Mr. Joseph noy wann Ferguson.

By Rev. E. Edmunds, Mr. Solomon A. Woods to Miss
S. Lizzis Westhern
By Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, Mr. Benjamin D Osgood to
Miss Elizabeth Wood.

"""

Mr. Merzen, Mr. William les Elizabeth Wood.
At Triulty Church, by Rev. Mr. Merzen, Mr. William,
McDewell to Mrs. Lodia F. Parker
At Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Lathrop, Mr. George W.
arsh to Miss Mary L. Rice
At Abington, Mr. Joseph M. Glison to Miss Adaline D.

W Savage to Mis Marinda T., daughter of the officiality, lengthman in Webber L. Badger to Miss chank J². At Binfalo, Mr. Frederic Harding of Chicago, III., to Miss-Jennife Faulth Dr. C., Mr. Charence Jewett to Miss At Ludkin to, N.C. by Rev. R. W. Barber, Josiah Cowles, Jr., of Hampdownille, N. C., to Miss Hany Evans, daugh-ter of the late Josiah Evans, of Exputerille.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Lucretia Sutheriand, S4; Mrs. Sarah Ann. Maynard, 44; Mrs. Chartotte, widow of the late James Eastburn. of New York; Jids, daughter of Mr. E. At Charlestown. Lottle M. Crafts, youngest child of Mr. Elias Crafts, Iomonths. At Canbridge, Andrew J. Grant, son of Mr. Stephen At Calbridgeport, Grace, only daughter of Mr. Benja-min Smith, 3 years. At East Chaintdey, Mrs. Betsey Green, wife of Mr. At Harrard, Major William Park, 75; Mr. Jason Big-olov, 97.

ow, 67. At Newburyport, Mrs. Hannah Woodwell, 89. At Attleboro', James Edward, son of Mr. James M.

An Developed Control of Control o theodor,

J. Year.

reenfield, Captain Edward Adams, 86.

serfield, Cornelia Rockwell, only child of Rev. A.

Grege, 88.
At Pymouth, Wes Lojds Churchill, 79.
At West Greenwich, R. L., John, son flev. John Millinghast, 13 as-ex. Captain Proberts Groves, 84.
At Winner, Ve., Mr., Mary Gould, wife of Dr. Rhadeaus Ph. 19.
At Pt. Louid, Mo., Mr., Frances C., wife of Mr. Georgie At Ft. Louid, Mo., Mr., Frances C., wife of Mr. Georgie, 80.
At Pt. Louid, Mo., Mr., Frances C., wife of Mr. Georgie At Pt. Louid, Mo., Mr., Frances C., wife of Mr. Georgie At Pt. Louid, No., Mr., Frances C., wife of Mr. Georgie At Pt. Louid, No., Mr. Leas Harth, 31.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] WASHINGTON.

BT WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE

ounder of a nation, great any 'neath the sun, n, in its onward, upward course lorious race hath run.

ame which evermore must nd ever brighter grow, nation after nation proud, hall be in dust laid low.

red alike by scholars wise, princes and by kings; to thy fond name doth greet our ears nat pride its mention brings!

and not for self alone; But for the country of his birth, So brightly, purely shone.

And where, on history's varied page Can such a man be found? O one, a mighty conqueror, With victory's laurel bound—

Who did not seize on all the power Which Fortune's hand conferred; Or was by love of country, e'er From tyranny deterred?

None can be found! not one of all Who lived on earth before; And not another will arise, Ere Time shall be no more!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EUDORA OF POMPEIL. A TALE OF THE EARLY MARTYRS

IN M. V. ST. LEON.

In one of the most spacious streets of Pompeii, stood the mansion of the haughty, wealthy patrician, Marcus Aurelian. Passing through the entrance, you entered a large, handsome hall, with a colonnade of white marble and a tessellated pavement. In this apartment were received tradeamen and visitors of inferior rank, who were not permitted to approach the centre of the room, but were restricted to the margin of the pavement. Here a slave was constantly in waiting, and as his office was a responsible one, he was much looked up to by his fellow-slaves; bed chambers opened from three sides of this hall, and at the further end on the right and left, were small rooms devoted to the use of the ladies of the family. ladies of the family.

Leading from one side was the dining-room

Leading from one side was the dining-room, and from the other a cabinet; also a passage to be further parts of the house for the slaves, answing to the back stairs of the present day. These rooms all opened on to a portice, oblong many, its marble columns wreathed with garactic this was called the peristyle, and contained a contain surrounded by vases of flowers. At the further end was another dining-room, on the deep which were chambers and a picture gallery; these rooms communicated with another applicars, seen, with a columns, on three others. sallery; these rooms communicated with another oblong space, with columns on three sides, and resembling the peristyle. This was the garden, containing perfumed fountains, statues and innumerable exoties.

In a chamber adjoining the second dining-room, and which opened into the garden, sat the Lady Eudoron, only child of Marcus Aurelian. Across the entrance which led into a bed-chamber or cubicularium, was suspended a rose colored

the Lady Eudora, only child of Marcus Aurelian. Across the entrance which led into a bed-chamber or cubicularium, was suspended a rose colored curtain embroidered with gold flowers. The walls were covered with yirid and dazzling frescess, and on the floor, in front of the toilet table of citron wood inlaid with gold, and covered with vases of perfume, and rich ornaments, lay a mat of glowing hues from the Persian looms. Close by it stood a large, oval mirror of polished steel reaching to the floor, and supported on swinging hinges by two ivory graces. On an exquisitely carved marble stand were a richly chased silver ewer and basin. Near by was at all, slender flower stalk of silver, surmounted by a large ivory lily, in which reclined a slumbering Eros, while Psyche bent over him, a lamp filled with perfumed oil in her hand. The time was afternoon, and the weather being sultry, the door which led into the garden was open, the only aperture for light which the room contained. The fair occupant was idly musing and occasionally played with her little, sandalled foot with the tiny, silken spaniel on the carpet before her. Presently a step was heard in the next room, and the curtain was lifted by a female slave somewhat advanced in years.

"Ah, Massena, what is the time?"

"Thinkest thou, Massena, our frequent visits to the congregation have been noted?"

"Thinkest thou, flassesan, our frequent visits to the congregation have been noted?"

"At strange presentiment has shadowed my soul of late, and I much fear some dark evil will fall upon me."

soul of late, and I much fear some dark evil will fall upon me."

"Dit accritic omen—the gods forbid!" replied the attendant, for though recently converted to the Christian faith, the ancient heathen exclamations were ever rising to her lips, to her grief and "exaxion. At this moment a slave announced the Lady Athennis."

"Salve my Eudora," said the visitor, returning her friend's embrace; "why hast thou not been my guest for this long while?"

"Nay, Athennis, it is surely longer since thou has visited me—down, Chloris"—continued she, as the little spaniel caught the robe of her friend in its joy; "see, the pretty creature has not for-

as the little spaniel caught the robe of her friend in its joy; "see, the pretty creature has not forgotten one of her earliest protectors. Has thy brother Julian returned to the city?"

"No—but he wrote in his last message that his heart remained in Pompeii, though his body was in Athens, and he desired his dearest, fondest remembrance and wishes to thee."

"Ah, my Athenais, there is little need of desiring my remembrance of him, surrounded as I am by the tokens of his affection; but when didst thou receive his message?"

"Seven days since, and we daily look for his reval to clapse between thy visits to me, my Eudora, as thou hast lately, lest I should fear thy affection for Athenais is declining."

"Say not so, my dearest friend. None among my acquaintance of I so gladly welcome as thyself, but I have not felt well the last few days, and I dreaded exertion."

"May Hygaic restore thee, my Eudora. I will return home to send thee a potion I value highly, and come to thee to-morrow, again. Vale."

When the footsteps of her friend had died away, Eudora again sank into a reverie, but presently, accompanied by the frolicsome Chloris, she rambled into the garden. The Laddy Athenais, as her name indicates, was of Greck birth, and a native of Athens though now residing at Pompeli, and Eudora was betrothed to Julian, who was now absent on a journey. Eudora had wishin a short space of time become a Nazarene, by stealth, and bitterly did she mourn that her beloved was an idolater, a follower of the general religion of that day. The congregation of which Eudora was a member, met secretly in a house in the suburbs, and thither she was going that very night. Accordingly, as soon as evening set in, attended by Massena, and wrapped in large mantles, Eudora set forth on her crand. The slave who guarded the atrium, supposed them to be bound for the garden, and when they arrived at the gate, the porter, whose duty it was to be constantly in waiting, was nowhere to be seen. Congratulating themselves on escaping the curiosity of the slave, tuey entered into the open street. Past the gay, glittering shops of the perfumers; brilliantly lighted streets fall of bustling people, past groups assembled on the steps of the temple porticos, listening to some story teller, or singer; past shady walks nearly deserted, down to the side of the river Sarnus, the two pursued their way, unheeding the dark figure that followed them, hidden by the overshadowing trees. On the brink of the river they shalled a boatman, entered the solitary bark, put off down the stream, They traversed several other streets, and pres-ently stopped in front of the closed door of an

tars, miserable alley that led down to the water. They traversed several other streets, and presently stopped in front of the closed door of an apparently deserted mansion.

Knocking three several and distinct times, the door opened from within, and they were noise-lessly admitted. Crossing the solitary atrium, in which there was no attendant, as was usual in all other houses, they halted at the threshold of the adjoining room, and accompanied a second knock with the words, "Peace be with you."

A voice returned, "Peace be with you."

A voice returned, "Peace be with you."

The faithful," answered Eudora, and immediately the door was opened.

The apartment into which the two were admitted was large and perfectly plain. Contrary to the universal custom of the lively citizens of Pompeii, the walls and ceiling were unadorned with dazzling frescoes, particolored columns, or embroideries. At the further end of this hall on a slight elevation, stood a large crucifix, and is the centre of the pavement were several rows of seats ranged in a semicircle fronting the cross. The only light was cast from a bronze lamp suspended from the ceiling. There were already assembled quite a number, and Eudora with Massena, before accosting any person present, knelt, and fixing their gaze upon the crucifix, offered a silent prayer. In a little while there entered an aged man whose long, silvery beard and feeble steps indicated him to have already past the usual boundary of mortal life; yet in that mild countenance of childlike simplicity, in the still clear and bright blue eyes, dwelt a serue and holy light, as if the smile of God had rested there, and the peace thereof had never departed.

Slowly advancing to a seat below the cross, and which fronted the congregation, he unfolded

rested there, and the peace thereof had never departed.

Slovly advancing to a seat below the cross, and which fronted the congregation, he unfolded a scroll and read several chapters, the members assembled commenting upon them, or listening to the explanations of their aged pastor. At the conclusion of the lecture, the Lord's Prayer was said by the whole congregation, and afterwards a hymn was sung, in which the clear, silvery tones of Eudora were distinguishable. At its close, the members dispersed, with the exception of Eudora and Massena, who accompanied their pastor to the interior of the apartments, and seated themselves in the portico that opened into the garden. The moon was just rising, and in silence they watched its gradual ascent over the tree tops.

silence they watched its gradual ascent over the tree tops.

"Thou wert not at the last gathering, Eudora," at length said the aged man, breaking the stillness that had reigned.

"No, father, I could not find an opportunity to leave the house unnoticed. It troubles me, this constant deception towards so kind a parent as mine, and the only one I have too. I am sometimes tempted to remain at home always from our meetings, but I cannot resolve in earnest to do so—but indeed it pains me to disobey one whom I love so much."

"It chall toweth father or mother more than

"'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' 'Whoso shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven,' therefore fear not, but boldly and firmly follow the path you have

yet a new disciple, and these doctrines strange to me at times."

"Wert thou not thinking of Julian this ing when we were so silent?" inquired A

nius. "I was so—and what would I not give if he "I was so—and what would I not give if he might be persuaded to become a Christian. I cannot believe but he will yet be converted."

"The Lord in his own good time will work out the salvation of his people."

"I doubt it not," eagerly replied the enthusiastic girl. "I am convinced he will, and I am

thankful to be so gently and pleasantly led in the paths of truth. But the night dew is falling one pause or train. Sut the night dew is falling fast," she continued, after a pause, "the stars are all out, and the health of our shepherd is too precious to his flock to thus expose it; had we not better enter the house?"

"They nourish this poor body when the soul longs to flee away and be at rest—but it is the

will of my Master that I bide here yet a little longer," and supported by his young companion he entered the dwelling. The aged pastor while the Saviour was on earth, had been among his followers, and had listened to the sacred instructions, becoming so impressed with them, that at the time of the persecutions to which the early Christians were subjected, he remained true to his faith and the little band of believers, many of whom fell martyrs to the cause. In a few years he was with one accord elected to the office of the "shepherd of the flock," and though he would have declined the responsibility, the members would not permit it, for no one could so well fill the place as Apollonius. Eudora and Massena hastily retraced their steps towards home, for they had overstaid their usual time, and were fearful of detection. In silence they passed through the crowded streets again, and gained the garden gate. The porter was not there, and with a sense of relief at their unusual good fortune, they hurried in, and sought their apartments. Scarcely had they laid aside their coverings when a summons came to the Lady Eudora from her father. Trembling in every limb, she hastened to obey the request, for she feared some evil, and entering the imner dining-room, seated herself at her father's feet.

"And where has my Eudora been roaming?"

feet.

"And where has my Eudora been roaming?"
he tenderly inquired, smoothing the silken tresses of his beautiful child.

"Roaming, father?"

"Yes, my daughter—a friend of mine says he hath seen thee in the streets late in the evening; nay, he even affirmed he saw thee this very night."

"The porter can inform thee on that subject."

The porter can inform thee on that subject my father," and she clapped her hands. A lit-tle slave entered and his mistress ordered him to the slave entered and his mistress ordered him to send Diomed to them; with a low bow he left the room and the porter appeared, a stout, darkbrowed, sulky-looking fellow.

"Who has passed through the gate since dusk;" demanded Eudora.

"No one, lady."
"Art sure!"

"I have not stirred from my post since sunset, and no one has entered."

"Enough, you are permitted to retire." When he was out of hearing, Eudora turned, and said, "Thou seest, my father, how much to be depended upon is the statement thou has theard."
"It is false, my child, and yet thou art sometimes absent at the worship of our household—how comes it!"
Eudora's heart beat rapidly, and discovery

ames absent at the worship of our household—how comes it?"

Endora's heart beat rapidly, and discovery seemed more terrible as it drew nearer, but sensible some answer must be given, she replied: "Can we not worship with as much sincerity when abroad, as when at hea latar?"

"The gods forbid you should become an apostate, but that sentiment savors strongly orpinions, more heretical than our religion permits—beware of expressing such sentiments to every one, lest they mistake you for a Nazarene."

Ere the trembling girl could reply, a young and handsome man entered the apartment. With an exclamation of surprise, and pleasure, the father and daughter arose.
"Salve my Julian," said the prond senator.

father and daughter arose.

"Salve my Julian," said the proud senator, grasping the hand of the new comer, who returned the salute with much warmth. Eudora, though more guarded in speech, and concealing her joy more than her father, betrayed by her bright blush, and smilling, sparkling eyes, sufficient pleasure to satisfy even her betrothed.

"When didst thou return?" inquired Marcus Aurelian.

"When didst thou return?" inquired Marcus Aurelian.
"But this very hour; I found our mansion deserted by my father and Athenais, and deemed they might be here."
"Thy sister was with me but this afternoon," replied Eudora, "but departed before sunset, and I doubt not ere this, has returned from the Via Domitiana, where our citizens are wont to congregate at evening," and a mischievous smile told the young man that his betrothed fancied she was giving him on information he had not possessed before. Shortly after Julian rose to leave them, and turning to Endorn said, "Athenais, in her last letter, proposed a pleasure excursion to celebrate my return; it shall be to-morrow—wilt thou join us?"

cursion to celebrate my return; it shall be to-morrow—witt thou join us?"

"Most willingly, my dear friend, and my sing-ing maiden shall accompany us, if thou wilt— give to Athenias and thy little sister my betwishes, and take a portion for thyself."

"Thanks, dearest Endora, for thy kindness. I will not neglect to deliver thy message—Vule."

As soon as possible, Endora sought Massena, and related what had occurred, together with her presentiment that discovery was near at hand. Massena endeavored to cheer her mis-tress and persuade her it was but fancy.

"The nervow who has seen me—he must, have

"I do not think any one has observed or watched us."

How comes it then he is so well acqua

"How comes it then he is so well acquainted with my actions? and is it likely he would rest without ascertaining whither our frequent visits tend? and should we have been discovered—"
"The only thing we can do is to be more circumspect, and yet that were a difficult task."
"I fear the porter is not so faithful as he should be, for he declared no one had passed out or in this evening, and further he said he had not quitted his post an instant, which I know to be false."

"It would seem impossible we could have en unnoticed-I never liked his looks, his been unnoticed—I never liked his looks, his countenance is bad, and he may be aware of our entrance, yet choose to conceal it for reasons of his own—yet why he should do so—"

Strange! I was thinking myself of the same

Hark! Is not some one calling thy name,

"Hark! Is not some one caning thy name, lady?" Eudora listened.

"I believe you are right, I will go instantly—meanwhile it were best to ascertain whether we were seen by Diomed or not." Descending to the gardens below, she met Julian. "What, art thou here?" she exclaimed in some surpgise. "Yes, dist thou not hear me call thy name? I have much to say to thee, Eudora, and on one

subject particularly. Lucius hath told me that thon hast attended the meetings of the Nazarenes; can this be so?" he continued, gazing imploringly upon her. There was a severe struggle for an instant in the poor girl's heart, and then she said in a firm, though sad voice:
"Julian! I will not deceive thee. It is even as thou hast heard."

"O Eudora! I disbelieved the statement, and would still have done so but for thy confirmation. Art thou aware of thy danger?"
"Am I not, thinkest thou, when I know it may cost my Julian's love! But too well do I

may cost my Julian's love? But too well do I know it, yet I am resolved to bear all."
"When didst thou first attend these meetings?"

"At intervals for nearly a year."
"So long! How hast thou escaped dis

"I have always worn a mantle and thick veil."

"Then how wast thou discovered by Lucius at last?"

"I know not—it is that which surprised me—stay, I have it!" she eagerly exclaimed; "it was late when Massena and I returned from the meeting, and though we were silent in the street, we converted freely in the shady lane leading to the house, without a thought of any one's presence, and it must have been Lucius was near, and heard our conversation."

"I should think, had he been at so little distance, thoa wouldst have noted him, but O," he continued carriestly, "do not follow this wild fancy till it end in thy rain—for what is this religion! A thing of yesterday as it were—for, sake not the worship of the gods, the faith of our ancestors. It can only bring disgrace on thee, and shame to thy friends."

"It is useless, my Julian, to urge me to forsake the faith in which I have found so much of happiness—I will never renounce it." At this instant a shadow fell before the place where they stood, and then the moon again covered the spot with her light.

"Julian," whispered Eudora in a frightful tone, "dios: thou note that shadow?"

"A shadow! I saw none."

"But J did," and she continued to gaze on the same spot as if expecting the sight again.

"Nay, my Endora, it was but the rees flickering across the path."

"I tell thee it was the outline of a human figure. I could not have been so mistaken——there," seizing his arm and pointing down the walk. Julian caught a glimpse of a form, quickly

ure. I could not have been so mistaken—there," sciring his arm and pointing down the walk. Julian caught a glimpse of a form, quickly stealing away through the shrubbery. "Ha villan! caitiff!" he exclaimed, rushing in amongst the trees, "I command thee to stay!" But the only answer was the echo of his own voice, and then an unearthly ringing laugh seemed to reverberate from all sides, and mingle with the sichine wind.

seemed to reverberate from all sides, and mingle with the sighing wind.

Julian gazed over the level space that extended some distance without any means of concealment—not a living object met his eye, nothing but the wide, open plain, and pursuit being useless, he retraced his steps to Eudora, who nearly overcome with terror, and fearing for Julian's safety in rashly pursuing the listener, was leaning against the pedesful of a marble statue that was scarcely whiter than herself.

"Have you discovered the person?" inquired Eudora.

udora.
"No—I looked intently over the plain but I we nothing—no signs of life."
"Nevertheless it was some one who cast the

shadow. "O my Eudora! thou art discovered-thou

art lo "Alas! where can I secrete myself—I shall

"Alas! where can I secrete myself—I shall not be safe even in my father's house."
"I think, however, thou hadst best return thirter—it will seem like guilt indeed, to fly at the approach of danger."
They accordingly returned to the house, and Julian folding Eudora to his heart, exclaimed—"The gods protect thee, my beloved!" and in another instant he was gone. Eudora sought an upper chamber in which to pass the night, as the evening was sultry. For some time she sought in vain for repose, but at length she sank into a deep sleep, and soon after a dark dream entered her brain; it seemed to her like gazing at a play in which she saw herself, for in the same chamber where she lay sleeping, lay her counterpart, also sleeping. In this dream the door softly opened, and Diomed cautiously entered, shading a lamp which he held; he east a furful glance around the apartment, and then

door softly opened, and Diomed cautiously entered, shading a lamp which he held; he east a farful glance around the apartment, and then stole with catilize tread across the room.—
"Hark!" he mutters, "where should it be—if I remember right, in this very place," and applying his fingers to a panel, it slid across, leaving an open space, or small closet.

Eagerly he drew from thence various articles, but seemingly disappointed in his search he shook his head and exclaimed: "No, no, can it be elsewhere?" At last he appears satisfied, and takes up some object—a copy of the Scriptures written on the finest vellum, and enclosed in no gold bands. But in searching for this, the other things have become disordered, and while Diomed endeavors to replace them, another spring on the further wall of the closet flies open, disclosing a stair-case, the extent of which was not discernible amid the darkness.

staic-case, the extent of which was not discernible amid the darkness.

Uttering an exclamation of surprise, the slave peered into the unfathomable gloom. Impelled by curiosity, he entered the aperture, unmindful that his stiletto slipped from his belt. Taking the precaution to close this panel after him, he descended the narrow, winding stairs; great care was requisite, however, for in some places the steps were anything but firm, time having fulfilled his duty well. Arriving at the foot of the staircase, he proceeded along the narrow passage way till he was suddenly stopped by a wall, and concluding this to be the end of the wall, he is about to return, when a door opens as if by the wind, and entering, a glorious sight meets his gaze. The most brilliant radiance fills the place, and on examination Diomed perceives the cause; the arched roof is encrusted with natural crystals, as also are the walls, and the lamp, small though it is, suffices to light up the place. Astounded at the sight of so much apparent wealth, the taper falls from the hand of the slave, leaving him in utter darkness.

All through this dream Eudora had slumbered uneasily, and at the discovery of the manuscript a moan burst from her lips, and though her chained senses strove to free themselves and wake, they struggled ineffectually, and not the least motion was perceptible. But at this part of the dream it became confused, and the murderous countenance of Diomed further disfigured. of the dream it became confused, and the murderous constreance of Diomed further disfigured
by a malignant scowl, seemed hending over her,
muttering, "Ha! ha! 'twas well drugged!" and
then amid a mocking fiendish laugh, that rang
through the chamber echoing and re-echoing,
till it seemed as if the repetition would never
cease, she awoke—and collecting all her energies
with a desperate effort, convalsively sprang to
her feet; with the rapidity of the lightning's sub,
from that deep, dead slumber, she was standing
in the centre of the apartment, wide awake, with
every nerve thrilling with horror. She guixed
wildly around; nothing met her eye but the pale
moonlight flooding the garden, and shining
through the casement with a hushed splendor.
A stillness like the sleep of Nature was over ali,
wind for an instant, and then all was silent
again.

Stock heins now note of the away.

wind for an instant, and then all was silent again.

Sleep being now out of the question, the excited girl leaned upon the lattice sill, and by degrees became calmer, but owing to the violence of the shock by which she had been awakened, the dream was remembered only to the discovery of the inner panel; here, when she recalled it, instead of clearly following the vision, it seemed to her Diomed vanished. Yet still the impression that it ended not here would intrude itself, but with the thought that the whole was caused by the preceding evening's events, she endeav. but with the thought that the whole was caused by the preceding evening's events, she enders over de to dismiss it from her mind. As she sathy the open casement, many deep and carnest thoughts filled her mind: a religion so totally opposite from that in which she had been instructed, which her kindred inveighed against, and which her Julian regarded with herra, almost filled her with dismay. To tread a path unknown, to pretend to more wisdom than her clders, seemed like presumption in one so young. But presently there came over her soul a happy peacefulness, and she sought for her copy of the Scriptures.

peacefulness, and she sought for her copy Scriptures.

By the moonlight she proceeded to the cabinet. What was her alarm at finding it - By the moonlight she proceeded to the secretabinet. What was her alarm at finding it open Hastily lighting a lamp, she examined the cloet; everything was displaced; the manuscrigone, and on the floor was a stiletto. Discover now seemed certain, but by degrees her selection of the content of the conte

possession returned, and hurriedly unfastening the door, she fed like a shadow to Massena. Bending over the sleeping slave, Eadora eagerly, but in a low voice exclaimed, "Massenal wake, wake!" Massenal anclosing her eyes was much astonished by the presence of her mistress at that hour, and inquired what had happened. "Rise and come with me to my chamber without delay," was the reply. Massena hastened to obey, and when in the poon with the entrance secured again, Eudora pointed to the open cabiner, saying: "We are discovered!" Massena's consternation excerted description; but hoping for the best, she suggested that Eudora might have neglected to close it. "No, no, I should not dare to be so carelessed that Eudora might have neglected to close it. "No, no, I should not dare to be so carelessed that Eudora replied, holding up the dagger. Massena eagerly seized li, exclaiming, "You were right lady in your suspicions regarding Diomed, for if mistake not this dagger belongs to him."

Sayest thou so ? Then he must be punish ed; but no! We cannot, for to accuse him is

betray ourselves."
Canst thou not sell him?"

"Canst thou not sell him?"

"How without involving myself? A cause must be assigned, and hesides it would excaperate him so that he would reveal what might otherwise be kept secret." A happy thought onwo occurred to Massena.

"He cannot read, of course, and seeing no other writing, took that manuscript believing it to be the desired article. Now I will casually remark that the lady Eudora has lost a valuable collection of poems, and as none of the slaves can read, the thief will be misled, and you will recover it."

ry well! I leave it to thy judgment, Mas ery well! I leave it to thy judgment, Massena. But how could any one have entered the chamber? Thou knowest the door is a peculiar one, it can be unlocked from the inside only. And even supposing that possible, how could the person leave the room? The key was in the lock when I retired, and was the same when I awoke, how could any one have locked it from the outside?"

To this arrangement.

To this argument no reply could be given, it was evident the apartment could not be en-ed when the door was fastened, and no less that the thief must have departed as he enter ed when the door was fastened, and no less such that the thicf must have departed as he entered, and as no one was in the room, he must have gone and locked the door by some mysterious means. But the more they conjectured the more puzzled they became, until at last they gave up the matter in despair, and Eudora determined before anything was done to consult Apollonius, and commenced attiring herself for the purpose, when Massena reminded her that to be in the streets at that hour was unseemly. Endorre at once perceived it, and although anxions in the extreme, constrained herself to wait.

Morning soon came, and with a heavy heart Eudora descended to breakfast. The faster seemed in unusually good spirits, and presulty observed: "Several of our friends dine with set oday. Paralus and his family, Chelonis the widow of Fulvius, Vespian, Adrian, and his kinsman, Otho, besides several others. Let all hings, therefore, be prepared, and betitting the cocasion;" and then noticing the unusual paleness of his daughter he continued, "But whai sileth thee, my Eudora?"

aileth thee, my Eudora?"
"It is nothing—I was disturbed by udreams yesternight, and obtained but li

"Sayest thou so? Do not overtask thyself this day, but rest, and let thy happy face speak for itself at my return." And the haughty senator gathered his robes closer as he swept onward to the temple of Jupiter.

After giving the necessary and manifold directions concerning the feast, Eudora proceeded to the lath, and from thence to the dressing-room. When the toilet was finished she clapped the handst wice, and there entered the apartment a fair young creature, whose countenance and dress bespick her of a different clime than Italy. A mere child in years and in figure, there was an expression of sadness in her countenance plainful to behold in one so young. Her face, a beaufiel to wheld in one so young. Her face, a beaufiel to wheld in one so young. Iter face, a feature that the daughters of the sunny land of romance, or resmbled, where the color occasionally an expression of seasons before the complexion of the position to behold in one so young. Her face, a beautiful oval, was fairer in complexion by far than the daughters of the sumy land of romance, and resembled, where the color occasionally mattled, a brilliant rose in a snow wreath. The debt, golden brown curls and violet blue eyes might have declared her Grecian, had not her whole cast of features been entirely different. Her dress, which was both singular and beautiful, consisted of a white muslin robe with a full pointed waist, and broad golden stripes running horizontally; a rainhow colored gauze searf with golden fingular ends was loosely tied around her wist; over these she wore a velvet spencer of a rich blue shade, which left have the round child arms, and not being fastened together in front, left the under waist exposed. The sleeves and border of the jacket were embroidered with a gold band, and seed pearls; on her head was a small cap of blue velvet, edged similar to the basque, with a gilt tassed, and in her hand was alme. The only jewelry she wore was a pair: hasque, with a gur tasses, and a pair, a lute. The only jewelry she wore was a pair of ear-rings of pearls, in the form of a star, with three pendant strings of the same, and a necklace and bracelet of pearls, so large and that they were worth a prince's ransom.

so much."

so much."

so dosia, I should like to hear thy
for I am sure thou wert not born
any one's caprice, and there is a
see dreamy eyes that tells of sorrow

. Come, let us seek the little arbor

menced her history which we rief. An Oriental by birth, she hter of a vizier, and losing her was the daughter of a vizier, and losing her mother at an early age, an old nurse had taken the while charge of her. When Leila (as she was then called) was nearly eight years old, the only son of this woman was put to death by the vizier's order, and the bereaved mother had rowed vengeance. Not long after, a slave merchant came by, and old Fatima thought of offering little Leila for sale. This proposal was eagerly accepted by the man, but the great difficulty of the control of the

and Ly the period to the ware all bought a the haren. Meanwhile, Fatima lad Leua in the empty chest, having previously liven her an opiate, and the merchant taking tereaured eparted. No sooner did he arrive it a place of security than he caused Leila to be lotted in a Greek costume, and, changing must be Thoulasing. place of security than he caused Leila to be beed in a Greek costume, and, changing her ne to Theodosia, forbade her with terrifying rats to give any other account of herself than t she was a Greek, which her complexion icated. It was impossible for her to tell any er story she was so closely watched. Of a pair of ear-rings, and a necklace, with ar

pair of ear-rings, and a necklace, with an unedallion of pearls, as they set her off to the advantage. Leila staid some time in tear, but presently a vessel bound for Italy deat that port, and the merchant carried that country where she was purchased by its Augustus.

inquired Eudora at the conclu-ative, to which she had listened

"Hope hath well nigh died in the absence of rister Reality," answered Theodosia.
"Let us believe, however, that the cloudy was of the present will end in the glorious sun-

l indeed be cruelty to flat-would never be realized, ee Theodosia was at least treat her as a sister, and sored to her proper position. It did the young girl cling she was to be her sister after that day. hast had nearly arrived, and banquet hall to note the rich mosaic pavement was "ous degree of smoothness, were wreathed with fresh were wreathed with fresh

The mosaic pavement was to also rous degree of smoothness, the vases of costly flowers between the vases of costly flowers between the awarm, spicy door to the air, which oled by a perfumed fountain. Endors will determined that Theodosia should the hold a place in the family as the child of Marcas Aurellian, took her to sing room and attired her in the prevailation. Soon the guests began to assemble, sendly the signal for the banquet was fulian was placed next to Endora, Athelian in the opening of life, a second Aspassia in figure. Her role was a bright rose color, the owing sleeves looped up at the shoulder three and brooches, from which depended three at drops, and disclosing arms of most massive or disclosing arms of most massive pearl braceless. On her nids rested a crescent of emeralds and The gently arched brows, and large, lark eyes, were shaded yet further by a

black powder, but the vivid crimson of those checks, and the radiant olive of that rounded face, were Nature's own handiwork. A mantle of royal purple was thrown around her form, and together with the crown gave her the appearance of an empress, to which her expression and manner aided.

At her side sat Vespian, a Roman of noble birth, but dissolute and quick tempered, as the flashing eye and effeminate mouth indicated. He strove most assiduously to win the smiles and speech of Chelonis, to whom report consigned him as a suitor, but on the present occasion at least that lady bestowed but little of that attention usually given to a favored one.

Next in succession was Adrian, also a Roman noble, and although he strove to follow to its extent the fashion of that day, which prescribed the dainty fastidiousness of a Sybarie; the original ardor and frank simplicity of the young man would frequently break through. At his right was Theodosia, who, from the first moment, had been drawn towards him, while his admiration for her was plainly marked. At the left hand corner of the centre-table sat Otho, a relation of Adrian's, for whom this feast was given. His birthplace was Constantinople, for although his mother was a Roman, his father was an eastern prince, and his presence in Pompeii was for the purpose of visiting his maternal relations.

His figure was slender and tall; his complexion dark, and around the straight, high brow were crisp, black curls. The general contour of the features was oriental; the fine, dark eyes were commanding, and yet free from haughtiness: the thin, curved lips were expressive of gentleness and decision joined; and the whole manner of the illustrious guest was that of one who united the polish of the court and the learning of the philosopher, with the court and the

ness: the thin, curved lips were expressive of gentleness and decision_joined; and the whole manner of the illustrious guest was that of one who united the polish of the court and the learning of the philosopher, with the courage of the hero and the freedom of the camp. His tanic was of that Tyrian dye so celebrated by the ancients, and long since lost to the world. Beside him sat Ariadne, the young sister of Juliano. So peculiar was her face, and in short everything about her, that she rivetted your attention at once, among a crowd, even of beauties. Her age might have been fifteen, but her wild ways and strong intellect forbade any to treat her as a child, though her years might warrant it. With a slight, yet round figure, not taller than girls of her age, there was a feeling of wonder excited within the heart at the respect and deference one felt compelled to pay her as an involuntary tribute. Her complexion was colorless as marble, yet at the slightest affront or opposition, a bright pink flash would mount even to the beautiful broad forchead. Her eyebrows were but tiful broad forehead. Her eyebrows were but tvery slightly arched, and the large flashing eyes and long silken braids were of jetty hue, the former rendered still blacker and larger from the former rendered still blacker and larger from the long, thick lashes and brows. Her mouth was like a cherry, and the upper lip, which was very much curved, was frequently in a half-defiant, half wilfid smile, that clearly indicated the rest-less impatience of her disposition. Her dress was a searler tobe, and a knot of the same color-ed ribbon confined the luxuriant locks at the temples.

ed ribbon confined the luxuriant locks at the temples.

A canopy of a brilliant rose-color was suspend-d above the table (the effect upon the guests being very becyming), which was ornamented with images of silver, while upon the sideboard were vasss and trinkets of the same metal; branching candelabrasrichly chased illuminated the apartment, which was darkened, for the time was early afternoon; and from inlaid ivery tripods there came faint, deliciong perfumes. While the mirth was at its height, a lond noise was heard at the entrance of the hall, like many orices speaking at once, and in a few moments was neard at the entrance of the half, like many voices speaking at once, and in a few moments the curtain was lifted, a number of centurions entered and proceeded to take the Lady Endora into custody, on the charge of being a Nazarene. The utmost confusion prevailed, but all dispute ceased, when, with a firm voice, but blanched lips, Eudora herself proclaimed the truth; no further attempt was made to prevent her removal, horror, astonishment and benumbing grief rendering her friends powerless and speechless. After her examination, however, Eudora was permitted to return to her father's house until the sentence was pronounced; and Julian, on winessing the calm, resigned demeanor of the young girl, became half-converted to the religion that imparted such incredible strength in the hour of distress.

The trial soon came on, and was quickly over. Eudora was condemned to die within a fortnight, during which time, the mysteries of the matter came to light. Lucius, a deadly enemy to Julian, desired to wreak his hate upon him, and discovering the fact that Eudora was a Christian, felt that he possessed the means. Employing Diomed as a spy, he acquired proofs of this, and offered the latter a large sum if he could bring him any part of the Scriptures from the private property of Eudora, of which Lucius did not doubt she had a copy. Diomed was waver of a secret closet in one of the apartments belonging to the lady Eudora, and determined to search there for the article.

Knowing he could not enter by the door, he had mounted to the window by a ladder, and the dream of Eudora had been a faithful copy of reality. When he made his escape from the cave where the vision left him, he had gone directly to Lucius with his prize, and the latter lost no time in acquainting the authorities with the discovery. The result was, as has been seen. The friends of Eudora was to bid farewell to earth, dawned with rare beauty; yet there was something almost unnatural in the calm, sultry atmosphere, while, notwithstanding the uter absence of was heard at the entrance of the half, like many voices speaking at once, and in a few moments the curtain was lifted, a number of centurions entered and proceeded to take the Lady Eudora

arose a great darkness, and mingled sounds of shricks and noise as of flying multitudes. As if a galvanic shock had struck all at the

As if a galvanic shock had struck all at the same instant, they sprang to their feet with pallidifaces, and the cry bursting from every lip "The earthquake!" Then there were hurrying and tears, prayers and shricks, as the parry rushed into the street which was already filled by multitudes, and darkness and flying cinders occasionally lit up by the huge sheets of flame that issued from Vesavius. Friend called to friend, children sought their parents in vain, amid the pitchy blackness that increased momentarily. Still our little party kept together, and on, amid the shower of falling stones and cinders, they pursued their way to the prison in which Eudora was confined. They reached it at the peril of their own lives; the doors were all open, as they had been left by the jailors in their hurried flight.

Eudora was there, and again they pressed forward to the sea. At the next street they encountered another band, Vespian, Chelonis and many others. Still on they kept, the young Ariadne with her streaming black tresses floating wildly on the air, and flashing eyes straining into the darkness, leading them on with the fearless temerity of a lunatic. Otho was by her side, vainly endeavoring to hold her back; but the wild demon of destruction seemed awed by her fearlessness, for while the huge stones came whirling through the darkness, felling others to the right and to the left, they seemed to avoid the little party. And now they reach the water's edge, a boat is tossing on the waves that are heaped like mountains one upon another; with trembling and hope they push off, all ancient land-marks are invisible or obliterated, and Providence alone guides the frail bark amid that wild sea, and through the fiery shower. Each, clinging to the one whom that fearful hour reveals to be the nearest to the heart, in silence prays to that mysterious power, hitherto scorned and mocked, but now acknowledged, while the false gods, feeble and powelless as themselves, are forgotten.

Slowly the fearful night passed, and a bright, rosy m

[Written for The Flag of our Union.] MOONLIGHT AT SEA.

Moonlight danceth ou the sea While the breezes, fresh and free, Sport among the white-capped waves, Where beneath are coral caves.

Many wonders hath the deep, Where the storm-king seems to Wooing to his cold embrace All who seek his resting-place.

Moonlight shimmering on the break Of the sea in silver drest, Sparkling gens the wavelets seem, Where the moon-rays brightest bes

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE KING AND NEATHERD:

ENGLAND IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

No country owes more to cultivation than England. Where now may be seen broad parks, shaven lawns, and fruitful fields, barren heaths and desolate moors, with here and there thick and almost impenetrable forests, were alone to be met with. The noble mansions and flourishing towns and cities whereof England is now justly proud, date back but a few centuries at the most. Rude huts and miserable hamlets, the abodes of the ancient Britons, somewhat improved upon, perhaps, by their more enterprising victors, the Saxons of warlike memory, afforded a very different picture from that which England now presents.

ow presents.

Will the reader go back in imagination to the latter part of the ninth century? Alfred was seated on the English throne—a seat, however, which at that time was anything but a secure

About a century previous a rude swarm which at that time was anything but a secure one. About a century previous a rude swarm of barbarians from the shores of the Baltic, call-ing themselves Danes or Northmen, had directed their attention to the shores of England, and, stimulated alike by rapine and a spirit of ad-venture, had crossed the intervening waters, and commenced a series of incursions upon the Sax-on occupants.

It was at this unpropitious period that Alfred ascended the throne. During the first years of his reign he met with little else than a series of disasters and reverses, being on almost every ocasion worsted in the numerous conflicts forced upon him by the Danes. His crown proved to him indeed a crown of thorns.

At length matters reached to such a nitch At length matters reached to such a pitch that, his army roated and dispersed, he was com-pelled to lay aside his royal vesture and wander in disguise through the western counties of Eng-land, which from their greater remoteness were more free from the ravages of his barbarous

He had nearly reached it when he was over-taken by a man dustworn and weary, and whose coarse garb could not conceal a certain air of

the night?"
"None indeed, unless my cottage, which you see hard by. Save that there is not a house for many a mile."

nany a mile."
"I have walked far, and shelter would be nost grateful."

most grateful."

"If a pallet of straw will content you, you shall get it with me."

"Content me! There is no need to ask the

"Content me! There is no need to ask the question of one who for many nights has known no softer couch than the hard earth, no better pillow than a chance log."
"Then you do not belong here?" said Bar-thold, looking at the stranger with some little

"Then you do not belong nere?" said Barhold, looking at the stranger with some little
curiosity.

"Faith, as much here as anywhere. At present I am but a rover, like the most of those who
went with the king."

"Then you were with the king?" said the
neatherd eagerly. "How fares he in his conflicts with the accursed Danes?"

"In truth not over prosperously. His fortune
differs little from mine own, since, his army
dispersed, he has been compelled in like manner
to wander through the country in peril of his
life."

"What! has it come to this?" said Barthold
sorrowfully. "The son of good king Ethelwulf in such a strait. Nay then, there is little
more to hope."

"Nay, it may turn out better than you think.
Mark how the shades of evening are already
thickening about us. But a few hours and the
sun shall rise again in all its brightness, disperse sun shall rise again in all its brightness, disperse the darkness, and all be light again. So, per-chance, the darkness of Alfred's fortunes shall pass away, and success once more attend his

By this time they had reached a small one tory dwelling, in front of which stood a buxon ame, apparently standing in wait for her hus

band.
"Why, how now, husband?" said she.

"What makes you so late?"
"Nay, I am but little so. To make amends
I have brought thee a guest, one of Alfred's
soldiers, who like himself, alack the day, is
compelled to wander hither and thither without

a shelter."

"I would he were here," said the dame.
"He should not lack one so long as we had one to offer."

to offer."
There spoke a loyal subject," said her husd, approvingly. "But our guest must

"There spoke a loyal subject," said her husband, approvingly. "But our guest must meeds be hungry."

The three gathered around a small table, whereon the housewife had spread a plain but plentiful repast, to which none did better justice than the guest. The good dame looked a little apprehensively at the rapidity with which the food disappeared.

Fatigued by a toilsome day, the guest repaired early to his pallet. When the rays of the morning sun began to struggle into the room, he was awakened by a tootch, and found the neatherd standing beside him.

"Good friend," said he, "as you are without a shelter, you are welcome to stay here with us

"Good friend," said he, "as you are without a shelter, you are welcome to stay here with us for the present, in return for which my good wife may now and then claim a service at your hands. For myself, I must be off with my cattle to the

For myself, I must be off with my cattle to the pasture."

"Many thanks," said the guest, "and I will willingly do what I may in return for your generous hospitality."

The latter rose up shortly after his host left him, and on entering the kitchen, found breakfast awaiting him. After despatching it, he said to the farmer's wife:
"My good madam, if there is any service I can do you, you will find me most willing."
"Then," said she, "you will find just outside, some wood which needs cleaving."

Following her directions, he went out and worked industriously for an hour, when having

Following her directions, he went out and worked industriously for an hour, when having accomplished his task, he re-entered the cottage.

"Now," said the dame, "as I must go out awhile, have an eye on those cakes which I have put on, and if they need taking off before I come back, you can do it."

Her guest promised faithfully to comply the request. When he was left alone, he the request. When he was left alone, he began to ponder sorrowfully upon the chances which had befallen his unhappy country, and despite the consolation which he had offered Barthold the night before, he could not conceal from himself that not only was the present posture of affairs far from bright, but that there seemed little immediate prospect of a change for the better.

reter.

Perhaps, also, there was something in his own asse which increased the sorrow which he felt for his distracted country, and so drew away his houghts from seenes immediately about him.

An hour had elapsed when Dame Edith rentered the cabin.

**War mask was geated beside the fire, his head

tered the cabin.

Her guest was scated beside the fire, his head string upon his hand, wrapt apparently in pround meditation.

Her quick eye was drawn to the cakes, which

had been entrusted to his care. Alas! they were burnt to a cinder.

man been entrusted to his care. Alias! they were burn to a cinder.

Dame Edith was but a woman, and one, moreover, who prided herself upon her skill in cooking. What wonder she was provoked!

"Why, you lazy lout," she exclaimed, "is this the way you repay our hospitality? After gorging yourself at our expense, you cannot even keep the cakes from burning, you lazy good for nothing beggar. You had better be pucking if that is the case. It was not so hard a task to keep the cakes from burning."

"You are quite right, my good dame," said her guest, arousing himself, "and I am quite wrong. I should have been more careful of my charge, but thoughts of the unhappy condition of our poor country came upon me, and carried me out of myself. I trust you will forgive me, my good dame."

'Don't 'good dame 'me," said Edith, not yet olly appeased. "For your carelessness there

"Don't 'good dame' me," said Edith, not yet wholly appeased. "For your carelessness there will be no dinner for either of us."
"For your size, I am sorry, but for me, alas! I have but little appetie."
The dame was about to reply, when a sound of horses was heard without; and presently a loud knocking at the door.
"Heaven save us! the Danes!" said Edith with alarm.

with alarm.
"It cannot be!" said the stranger, striding to the door and opening it.

A rider well caparisoned, and evidently of rank, together with a numerous band of attendants, was disclosed.
"The Earl of Berks!" exclaimed the neat-

herd's guest, drawing back in astonishmen
"And who are you who call me by na
rejoined the rider.

rejoined the rider.

"Does then my dress so much disguise me, that you do not recognize Alfred, your unhappy

ereign?"
It is indeed Alfred," said the earl, bending

"It is indeed Alfred," said the earl, bending low in his saddle, "but unhappy no longer."
"How men you 3"
"My liege, that your subjects are recovering from their stupor, and re-assembling in large numbers. They need but Alfred at their head to lead them on to victory. Will your majesty deign to take my horse, and I will take that of one of my retainers, and we will post on, for there is no time to be lost?"

This arrangement was about to be effected when Alfred felt himself plucked by the garment. Tarning hastily around, he beheld the good Dame Edith on her knees, with a most ludicrous expression of contrition upon her countenance.

Can you ever forgive me, my liege," she tered, "for my rudeness? Indeed I did not

faltered, "for my rudeness? Indeed I did not know it was your majesty."

"A very natural mistake," said King Alfred, good humoredly. "In faith, I hardly know myself, in this guise. As to the forgiveness, my good dame, if I may dare to call you so, it is forme to ask that, since I have spoiled your

"O, that is nothing. I would rather go with-out for a week than treat your majesty so scur-vily again."

vily again."

"Nay, my good dame, I richly deserved it, so think no more of it."

The events that followed are familiar to the reader of English history. Alfred gradually gained back his own, and in the day of his prosperity, he did not fail to show his grateful remembrance of the hospitality he had received at the hands of the neatherd and his wife.

Truth and falsehood, like the iron and clay in Nebuchadnezzar's image, may cleave, but they will not incorporate.—Bacon.

GLEA ON'S PICTORIAL BOUND.

GLEA_ON'S PICTORIAI, BOUND.

We have Volume I, II, III, IV, v. and VI, of the Picrosial eleganity bound in deith, and with gilt edges; forming super and most attractive partor ornaments in a containing nearly 1000 engravings of near, manners, and current events all over the world; of scenery in all parts of the globe; of famous cities and beautiful virtues, and, in abort, of an infinite variety of interesting and present enjoyment, both in regard to reading matter at Illustrations. exceedingly novel and conserved in regard to conserve and present enjoyment, both in regard to conserve and illustrations.

For sale at our office, and at all the periodical depote throughout the Union, at 85 per volume.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, the cream of the domestic and foreign news; the ewell spiced with wit and humor. Each paper is BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

BEAUTIFULEY ILLUSTRATED with numerous accurate regarding by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogather making a paper entirely original in its design, in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known with a state of the contain views of every potential to the country. Its pages and the contain views of all the principal thips and stemmers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portrainty or every noted character in the world, both male and female sections of the containers of the cont

. One copy of The Flat or our Union, and one copy of Gleason's Pictoniat, when taken together by one person, one year, for \$400.

No travelling agents are ever employed for this paper.

F. GLEASON, LD STS., BOSTON, MASS CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMPH

S. FRENCH, 191 Nasana Street, New York.
A. WINCH, 16 Chestant Street, Philadelphia.
HINRY PAYLOR, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
A. C. BAGLEX, comer 4th. & Sygnamor 8th. Cinclinant.
E. K. WOODWARD, ore, 4th & Chemut Str., 8t. Long.
HIDMAS LUNY, 40 Exchange Plene, New Orleans.

en for The Flag of our Union.] THE HAPPIEST PLACE IS HOME.

To gain but a moment of bliss,
Disappointments their footsteps abide,
In a world full of phantoms as this.
But with loved ones the blewings to she
Ah, who would be longing to roam,
When taught by the joy tasted there,
That the happlest of places is home!

With the happene or process, way,
I'll steen we'er darkens my way,
I'll the heart ware a burden of grief,
And the friends! I have trusted betray,
In the hour when most needing raide!
From the anguish which tortures (the
To my own little heaven I'll come,
In the salies of my loved ones to find,
That the happlest of places is home! ting relief;

[Written for The Flag of our Union]

JUST CHARGE IT. A SKETCH FOR NEW BEGINNERS IN LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

'CHARLES, what did this peach preserve

st?"
"I'm sure I don't know, Hannah."
"But you bought it this morning."
"I know I did, but I didn't ask the price of it."
"Did not you pay for it?"

"Why not?"
"O, because I couldn't stop to make change. I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron, and shall hereafter settle once in three months." This conversation was going on at the teatable between Charles Matthews and his wife. Matthews was a young mechanic who had just commenced house-keping, and as he was making excellent wages he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determined arrangement to his wife she remained some time in silent thought.

arrangement to his wife she remained some time in silent thought.

"Charles," she at length said, in a very mild, persuasive tone, "I think it would be better to pay for things as you take them. You know you receive your pay for labor every Saturday night, and you could pay as you go very easily."

"I know I could," returned Mr. Matthews, with the air of a man who had unanswerable argument at his command; "but then it would not be near so handy. You see, if I pay my store bill but once a quarter I shall save all the trouble of making change; and shall not only save time, but also avoid mistakes."

"Mistakes are repeated Hannah. "How can missakes occur when you pay for things as you seed the state of the state o

for a thing when I get it-

"I will cell you. Fameline as it may be be convenient to pay for a thing when I get It—I are severed by robots of I may only take it on trial—then it I pay for a provided which I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the best and most convenient all around. I am satisfied of it."

"Well, perhaps it may," said the wife, with an earnest tone and look, and yet with a smile, "but I cannot think so."

"But why not?"

"Why, on all accounts. In the first place, you will buy more than you would if you paid cash. Now you needn't shake your head, for I know it. There are many little luxuries, little eaxtras, which we do not need, but which you will yet be apt to buy if you do not have to pay the cash down. I know something of this credit business, and it is not a fair thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hand than when he has to carry out the amount on his ledger."

"But let me tell you, Hannah, that Mr. Waldron, will not cheat. He is not the man to take advantage in that way."

"You misunderstand me, Charles. Do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper for cash than for readit? Mr. Waldron, for a five-dollar bill, would let you have more sugar than he would for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He could afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash than for readit? Mr. Waldron, for a five-dollar bill, would let you have more sugar than he would for the same amount entered at different times on his ledger. He could afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash at I think you would find it to our advantage to try the cash system. Now I do not believe you would have bought this peach preserve if you had had to pay the cash for it."

"But I bought that just to please you, Hannah, and I thought you would accept it gratefully," returned the young husband, in a tone that showed that his feelings were touched.

"I know you did, Charles, said the wife, laying

might be able to buy a little cottage or your own one of these days."

For several days Charles only sent such things up from the store as were actually needed. At length, as he went into the store one morning on his way to his work, he saw some splendid looking pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed, and was about to leave, when Mr. Waldron spoke:

"Mr. Matthews," said he, "don't you want a jar of these pickles. I carried my wife in a jar last evening, and she thinks them superior to anything she ever saw before."

Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain pickled eucumbers, some that her mother had put down for lier, but Mr. Waldron's wife had had some of these fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah?

shouldn't Hannah ?

"Shall I send you up a jar?"
"How much are they?"

"Only a dollar."
"Yes, you may send it up,—and just charge it, if you please."

"Yes, you may send it up,—and just charge it, if you please."
"O, certainly. Anything you want you may order at any time, and you may be assured we shall be happy to accommodate you."
Now this was flattering to young Matthews's feelings, to think that the trader had such confidence in him, and be went away with an exceeding good opinion of himself and his credit, and of the store-keeper in particular.
"Only a dollar!" Yes—only a dollar on the trader's ledger,—that is nothing. But a dollar right out of one's pocket—that is different. Charles would not have bought these pickles if the cash had been required for them.
"Ah, Matthews, look here: I've got something to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man on the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles.
And so Mr. Waldron led our hero out to the back side of the store and opened a box.
"There, Matthews, aint these nice oranges!"
"They are nice," replied Charles. And so they really were.
"I know your wife would like some of these. I carried some in to my wife, and she wanted me to save her four or five dozen."
"These are nice. How do they come?"
"Let's see: I can send you up three dozen for a dollar. I got these very cheap. You know they are retailing at five and six cents apiece."
"Yes. Well you may send me up three

know they are retailing at five and six cents appiece."

"Yes. Well you may send me up three dozen. Just charge them, if you please."

"Certainly. Anything else this morning ?"

"I believe not."

And so Matthews went on. This morning it would be a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents—and then, again, perhaps only twenty-five cents. It didn't seem much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them. "Only a dollar," he would say to himself. "That isn't much out of twelve dollars a week." And so it might not be; but the trouble was, that the next dollar was also "only a dollar." He forgot to add this dollar with the former dollar and call it "two dollars," and with the next dollar, and call it

dollars," and with the next dollar, and call it "three," and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a new

"Inree," and so On.
One evening Charles came home with a new gold chain attached to his watch.

"Where did you get that "asked his wife.
"Ah," returned the husband, with an impressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain in this chain. Now guess what I paid for it."
"I'm sure I can't guess."
"O, but try—guess something."
"Well, perhaps ten dollars."
"Ten dollars!" echoed Charles, with a sort of disappointed look. "Why, what are you thinking of? Jack Cummings bought this chain two months ago, and paid twenty dollars cash for it.
Why, jet effit and see how heavy it is. Eightes, excits if a Jack was hard up for money, and he let me have it for twelve dollars."
"It is cheep, to be sure," returned Hannah, thy with not so much pleasurable surprise as leg fareband has anticipated. "But," she added, "you did not so what pleasurable surprise as leg fareband has anticipated. "But," she added, "you did not used it, and I fear you will feel the loss of the somey."

I have spent out very little lately. I have been

I have spent out very little lately. I have been pretty saving."

"But you forget our things, Charles. The money which you have on hand is not yours."

"Not mise ?"

"No. It belongs to the store-keeper, and to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid."

"Don't you fret about them. I know it don't cost me any where near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins, who works right side of me in the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week, besides paying his rent."

came to look at the bottom of the column bi face turned a shade pale. It footed up just six ty-five dollars—an average of five dollars pe

ty-five dollars—an average of five dollars per week!

"This is impossible!" he uttered as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles, and he could remember when he ordered them. Those things which cost "only a dollar," looked very innocent when viswed alone, but in the agregate they had a different appearance.

"How much shall you lay up this quarter, Charles!" kindly asked the wife, as she came and leaned over her husband's shoulder, and parted the hair on his forehead and smoothed it back.

parted the hair on his forchead and smoothed it back.

"How much shall I lay up?" he repeated.
"Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up." Charles was resolved to be frank about the matter, and let his wife know all.
The slate was brought. First Hannah put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarter's wages. Then came the rent, and the butcher, and the baker.

"Now you may put down twelve dollars for this chain,—and twelve dollars for sundries,—that means cigars, tobacco, nuts, beer, soda, theatre tickets, and such like things. Now take all that from my quarter's wages; and see how much remains."

all that from my quarter's wages, and see how much remains."

Hannah performed the sum, and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.

"Fifty-two dollars i'uttered Charles, sinking back into his chair, "and we have not bought our articles of clothing mor of furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I had meant to sore thirty, at least."

"Well, it's no use to mourn over it," said the wife, in a cherful tone, for she saw that the husband felt badly. "Let's commence again. There's nothing like trying, you know."

For some momente Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he held in his hand, then upon the figures on the slate, and then upon the floor. At last he spoke. There was a peculiar light in his eyes, and a flush upon his countenance.

"Hannah Lees where the trouble is eard. I

tenance.

"Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit that. I have been wrong. If I had paid for everything as I bought it I should not have been where I now am in pecuniary matters. You were right. I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I nave not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again to where I began, and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening and pay Mr. Waldron what I have, and the rest I will pay him when I am able."

"The matter can be assily sattled" solid

dron what I have, and the rest I will pay him when I am able."

"That matter can be easily settled," said Hannah, with a bright, happy look. "I have more than enough to make up the amount of that bill. It is money I had when we were married. Wait a moment."

Charles protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she would listen to no argument on that subject. It was her will, and he must submit. So he went down and paid up the grocery bill, and on the way home he sold his gold chain for fourteen didlars. He felt happer when he got the old blake cord once more about his neek, and he had money now to commence the quarter with.

mence the quarter with.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece

of beef for dinner.
"How much will you have?" asked the

I have spen. au very little lately. I have been pretry swing."

"But you forget our things, Charles. The money which you have on hand is not yours."

"Not mine?"

"No. It belongs to the store-keeper, and to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid."

"Don't you fret about them. I know it don't cost me any where near twelve dollars a week to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wikins, who works right side of me in the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages that I do, and yet he lays up some three or four dollars every week, besides pany his rent."

"Yes," said Hannah, "I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how well they were getting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket every Staurday evening and goes over to the market: and buys his week's quantity of meat and vegetables, and trades for reash, so that he gets everything at the best advantage. So he does at the store. Butter, gegs, cheese, apples, and so on, he buys when the market is fall, and when they are cheap, and he always bays enough to last is family over the season of Searcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large tirkin of it—and it is much swester than that for which you paid twenty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen of ggs sometime ago for twelve was dropped. His fa fully over the season of Searcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large tirkin of it—and it is much swester than that for which you paid for what he bought for eighteen cents a pound—a large tirking the week with the made is fall, and when they are cheap, and he said it had risen to twenty eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen of ggs sometime ago for twelve exat sorgential things went on through the week. When brought it up, and he said it had risen to twenty eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got fifty dozen of ggs sometime ago for twelve exat dozend. His for a man to be wrong and his

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SELLING A LANDLORD.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Mr. Roscius Puggs was a histrionic gentleman who performed the heavy business at half price theatres. His stock in trade consisted of a thundering voice, square shoulders and a pair of prodigious calves. He was a great villain—theatrically speaking; as a man, though not without his faults, he had never committed the slightest burglary, areas or murder. Still an unfortunate tendency to moisten his diaphragm too freely with fermented liquors led him into serious embarrassments. He was frequently "indisposed," and severely tried the patience both of managers and the public. Yet he made some notable professional discoveries. None of the representatives of Richard, Duke of Gloster, from Garrick to Charles Kean, had ever elicited some notable professional discoveries. None of the representatives of Richard, Duke of Gloster, from Garrick to Charles Kean, had ever elicited from Shakspeare's text at the stage direction, the astomating fact that the hunch-backed assassin of king Henry and the prince was a drunkard as well as a murderer and tyrant. Yet Puggs conceived and rendered the character in this spirit more than once, staggering through the love scene with Lady Anna, and exhibiting more Durch courage than valor and "cunning offence" in the closing encounter with Richmond. A difference as to the propriety of this rendition between Puggs and the managers led to the loss of engagements, and Puggs at one time had run pa bill at a certain tawer in a certain town where he was unknown and out of business, without the slightest prospect of liquidating the account. His personal property at that time consisted of a trunk containing two or three shirts, and an old stage uniform.

The landlord was forbearing, but forbearance even has a neal. This individual had only one peculiarity—a resemblance to the Stuart por

even has an end. This individual had only one peculiarity—a resemblance to the Stuart portrait of Gen. Washington, on which he prided himself immensely. It was his weak point, and Puggs determined to take advantage of it. One day he ordered a bottle of port, and requested the landlord should come up with it. Mr. George Washington Bliffin accordingly made his appearance with the tray in more than ordinary stateliness of manner.

dinary stateliness of manner.

"Mr. Puggs," said he, "I have filled your ders for the very last time, sir. I have a family,"

"Cherubs! cherubs! general!" said the actor.
"I must live."

"Names live."

"Naturally," ir; your bill already amounts to "Very well, sir; your bill already amounts to orly dollars. Fifteen for board, and twenty-five or brandy and cigars."
"It was on this very subject I wanted to see ou, general. What a surprising likeness!" ad-ed the actor, throwing himself back in his hair, and shading his eyes with his hand—' a erfect Stuart."

ded the actor, throwing himself back in his chair, and shading his eyes with his hand—' a perfect Stuart."

"I have been told so," replied the landlord, in a pleasanter manner, and taking a seat.

"That's right, Billift; make yourself at home. Now then—boumpers, and no business! Forty dollars you say. Well, I have a bet, a coof fifty-spot, in the winning of which you're deeply interested. I have bet you can stand for ten minutes in the attitude of the Farewell Address, without moving a muscle. Dodgem, of the museum, is the party. You can do it as easy as winking. I have a continental uniform which you shall put on while I arrange the light. Then I'll go for Dodgem. My signal at the door shall be a warning for your getting into an attitude. It will soon be over, and I'll then settle your bill. Do you consent: "

The landlord assented. He was soon attired in the continental uniform, and assumed the attitude Puggs pointed out. The actor inspected

in the continental uniform, and assumed the attitude Puggs pointed out. The actor inspected him, and asseverated that he felt sure of winning. him, and as

After this, Puggs hastened to the museum.

"Dodgem," said he to the proprietor, "I watch and the to the proprietor, "I come to propose a bargain to you,—a full length wax statue of General Washington, large as life—in uniform—the very best thing you ever saw; cost cords of money. Do you want the article ?"

article ?"

"That depends on the quality and pney, said Dodgem, cautiously.

"Quality first rate; you shall judge for your-self; price, nothing at all—fifty dollars."

"Then," said the showman, "if the figure's all right I'll take it."

"Come along, then—hurry—I must take the next train," said the actor.

In ten minutes they reached the door of the actor's room. Puggs made some noise as he fumbled with the key, and addressed Dodgem in a loud tone so as to prepare the landlord. This done, they entered. The light, artistically arranged, fell on the motionless figure of the arranged, fell on the motionless figure of the

unfortunate Bliffin.

"There you have him, sir," said the actor, extending his hand. "The Father of his Country, as large as life, and twice as natural. Please notice the characteristic costume and expression."

"What capital coloring!" said the showman.
"Isn'tit! Don't he seem to be asying,—
'Friends, countrymen and lovers?' What a card for the fourth of July."

"I should like a little more light," said the showman.

"I should like a little more light," said the showman.

"Don't," whispered Puggs, as the other offered to open the shutters, "you know how quick the sun injures wax work. There, sir, solid! solid!" and he punched the landlord in the ribs with his cane. "Are you saished!"

"Perfectly,—it's all you represented."

"Come along, then," said the actor, and hurrying Dodgem down into the bar room, he hastily scrawled a receipt in full for fifty dollars.
"Send for him this aftermoon," said Puggs, as he pocketed the cash; "and I'll have him packed in straw for you."

The showman departed, and Puggs, hastening

packed in straw for you."

The showman departed, and Puggs, hastening to the railroad station, made good his retreat from the town, exulting in his stratagem.

How the museum was covered with flowing posters announcing the exhibition of the marvellous statue; how the public were egregiously disappointed; how Mr. Dodgem was infuriate, and Bliffin rabid, when the "sell" was discovered, it were long to tell.

Jester's Picnic.

9

2

We heard the other day a good anecdot John Check, who always had his eyes coc-both ways for justice, and perhaps for Sund It appears he had fined an Irishman, who has used a little too much of the craythur, was fo ish enough to let the craythur use him. Pat leaving the office met a friend, to whom he?

forth:
"Be jabers, an' it's fined I was, Martin.
"Be jabers, an' it's fined I was, Martin.
"An' who the divil fined yes now, at all
"Troth an' that's tellin, It's an
there beyant, an' he's athers a line is, white a
pace or a pace of jushite a, line is, which
the hone I jusht take a pape at inn, M
Be me sowl, but it's left-handed in both e
is on how!"

so on) how?

The following circumstance occurred in a vilage church, in England, on the visitation of the bishop of the clicoces, for the purpose of submission of the clicoces, for the purpose of submission of the clicoces, for the purpose of submission of the clicoces, for the peans and by the ousually gave out the peans and have been usually gave out the peans and wishing to celebrate the honor of his gravitit, commenced as follows: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, a paalm of my own composing—

"The mountains skipped like frighted rams, The little thills did hop, To welcome in the little grave, the lord bleb op."

A tipsy man went into a Sunday school, and for a few moments listened very attentively in the questions propounded to the scholars, but being anxious to show his knowledge of "serip tur" and doctrine, he stood up, leaning on the front of the pew with both hands. "Parson B—," said he, "ask me some of them hand."

B—," said he, "ask me some of them hard ques-shuns."

"Uncle John," said the parson, "with a sol-ern face, in a drawling tone, "don't you know you are in the bonds of sins and the depths of inquity?"

"Yes'ir, and in the gall of bitterness too. Ask me another ques-shun."

A very honest chap in Boston, who wishes to ell his horse, advertises it as follows:

For Sale—A brown horse, with a Roman nose, in good condition, and fond of travelling, and will warrant to run away at least six times a week. The only thing that tempts the subscriber to sell him is because he is a leede dusky in one eye, and can't see out of the other. Those wishing to purchase should all soon as it is a rare chance for Boston speculators.

A gentleman in an eating house, the other day, looked in vain for a bill of fare. Not finding one, he inquired of a waiter, a new-comer, who was yet hardly initiated into the mysteries of his vocation:
"Will you bring me a programme?"
"Yes sir," he replied, "will you have it boiled or roasted it."

The gentleman fearing it might be rather in-digestible, declined both propositions.

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?"
"Got what, child?"

"Got what, child:"
"Legs, ma."
"Certainly not; but why do you ask that
foolish question?"
"O nothing; only I heard pa say your tongue
was running from morning till night."
"Susan, give this child a cold bath and a doe
of juniper berry tea, and put him to bed!"

One day last week we sent a Bohemian gid, who does not understand English very well, to Euloon for Fosh cot. See came back with a School of the See and back with a said the fisher-man fold her the sea of the "lead ache," and he could not less her have any. We afterwards learned upon inquire, mat he told her they were all "haddocs," and he had no coul!

The phrase "He's a brick," seems to be of lassic origin, as follows: King Agesilaas being asked by an ambassador form Epirts why they had no walls for Sparts, between the part of the par

Ministers' wives are remarkable for three qualities, viz., piety, amiability and multiplying children. The two first are more scarce in the world than the latter. We don't know how to account for it, but wherever sermons are done up, and white cravater are nound the needy jug humanity is as plenty as goosip at a travable.

A very pretty young woman went to the post office, with a letter and no direction, and said to the postmaster, "Send that to my sweetheart! The postmaster took it, looked at it, and said-"What is his name, and where does he live!" The girl replied, "Ah, that is the very thing, I don't want any one to know."

If you wish to know how small a quantity of near you can subsist on, put up at a nine shifting boarding house. There is an established of this kind up town, where one sausage does not be the whole household—the landlord east the ausage, and the boarders smell of his breath.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prese and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all secturian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

AND A WELCOME VISITOR TO THE HOME CI It contains the foreign and domestic news of t so condensed as to present the greatest possible: of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of THE MAMMOTH SIZE

ORIGINAL PAPER, ent circulation of which far exceeds the sekly paper in the Union, with the ex-c's Pictorial. GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.

The FLAG is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS:-INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One copy of THE FLA OF URL NOT CHEST AND THE STREET AND THE STREET

Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass

CORNER OF TERRORY AND BROBITHED TO BY PRENCH, 191 Nassan Street, New York.

A. WINGH, 116 Chestant Street, Phillidelphia.

A. WINGH, 116 Chestant Street, Railtimere, and

URNEY TAYLOB, 111 Baltimore Street, Railtimere, and

C. BAGLET, cor. of the Symp. Detroit.

E. K. WOODWARD, cor. 4th & Chestant Str., at Long and

E. K. WOODWARD, cor. 4th & Chestant St., at Long at LONG at LONG and the Chestant St., at Long at LONG